THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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LEGENDS OF NEW-ENGLAND.

Mr. Whittier's book with this title is before us. It consists of a variety of pieces both in prose and verse. Some of the latter, which originally appeared in the Essex Gazette, we have already published. They are mostly well written articles; and some of those in verse particularly so. The "Weird Gathering" is a beautiful poem—perhaps the finest in the collection. The "Black Fox" is in very pretty style, and being of a more convenient length, we will give it entire. Mr. Whittier has succeeded very well in this attempt; and we hope he will feel encouraged, as well by pecuniary as literary success, to get up another volume out of the variety of the marvellous with which our early settlements abound.

"THE BLACK FOX.

[There is a strange legend relative to the "Black Fox of Salmon River," Connecticut, which has been versified below. Brainard alludes to it in one of his finest poems:]

'And there the Black Fox roved and howled
and shook
His thick tail to the hunters.'

"It was a cold and cruel night,
Some forescore years ago—
The clouds across the winter sky
Were scudding to and fro—
The air above was cold and keen,
The earth was white below.

Around an ancient fire-place,
A happy household drew;
The husband and his own good wife,
And children not a few;
And bent above the spinning-wheel
The aged grandame too.

The firelight reddened all the room,
It rose so high and strong;
And mirth was in each pleased eye
Within that household throng—
And while the grandame turned her wheel
The good man hummed a song.

At length spoke up a fair-haired girl,
Some seven summers old,
'Now grandame, tell the tale again
Which yesterday you told;
About the Black Fox and the men
Who followed him so bold?'

'Yes, tell it,' said a dark-eyed boy,
And 'tell it,' said his brother—
Just tell the story of the Fox,
We will not ask another;'
And all the children gathered close
Around their old grandmother.

Then lightly in her withered hands
The grandame turned her reel,
And when the thread was wound away
She set aside her wheel,
And smiled with that peculiar joy
The old and happy feel.

'Tis more than sixty years ago
Since first the Fox was seen—
'Twas in the winter of the year,
When not a leaf was green,
Save where the dark, old hemlock stood
The naked oaks between.

My father saw the creature first,
One bitter winter's day—
It passed so near that he could see
Its fiery eye-balls play,
And well he knew an evil thing
And foul had crossed his way.

A hunter like my father then
We never more shall see—
The mountain cat was not more swift
Of eye and foot than he;
His aim was fatal in the air
And on the tallest tree.

Yet close beneath his ready aim
The Black Fox hurried on,
And when the forest echoes mocked
The sharp voice of his gun—
The creature gave a frightful yell,
Long, loud, but only one.

And there was something horrible
And fiendish in that yell;
Our good old parson heard it once,
And I have heard him tell,
That it might well be likened to
A fearful cry from hell.

Day after day that Fox was seen,
He prowled our forest through,
Still gliding wild and spectre-like
Before the hunter's view;
And howling louder than the storm
When savagely it blew.

The Indians when upon the wind
That howl rose long and clear,
Shook their wild heads mysteriously,
And muttered as in fear;
Or veiled their eyes as if the knew
An evil thing was near.

They said it was a Fox accurst
By Hobomocko's will,
That it was once a mighty chief
Whom battle might not kill,
But who for some unspoken crime,
Was doomed to wander still.

That every year when all the hills
Were white with winter snow,
And the tide of Salmon River ran
The gathering ice below;
His howl was heard and his form was seen
Still hurrying to and fro.

At length two gallant hunter youths,
The boast and pride of all—
The gayest in the hour of mirth,
The first at danger's call,
Our playmates at the village school,
Our partners at the ball—

Went forth to hunt the Sable Fox
Beside the haunted stream,
Where it so long had glided like
The creature of a dream—
Or like unearthly forms that dance
Under the cold moon beam!

They went away one winter day,
When all the air was white,
And thick and hazed with falling snow,
And blinding to the sight,
They bade us never fear for them—
They would return by night.

The night fell thick and darkly down,
And still the storm blew on;
And yet the hunters came not back,
Their task was yet undone;
Nor came they with their words of cheer,
Even with the morrow's sun.

And then our old men shook their heads,
And the red Indians told
Their tales of evil sorcery,
Until our blood ran cold—
The stories of their Powwah seers,
And withered hags of old.

They told us that our hunters
Would never more return—
That they would hunt for ever more
Through tangled swamp and fern,
And that their last and dismal fate
No mortal ear might learn.

And days and weeks passed slowly on,
And yet they came not back,
Nor ever more by stream or hill,
Was seen that form of black—
Alas! for those who hunted still
Within its fearful track!

But when the winter passed away,
And early flowers began
To bloom along the sunned hill-side,
And where the waters ran,
There came unto my father's door
A melancholy man.*

His form had not the sign of years,
And in yet his locks were white,
And in his deep and restless eye
There was a fearful light,
And from its glance we turned away
As from an adder's sight.

We placed our food before that man,
So haggard and so wild—
He thrust it from his lips as he
Had been a fretful child;
And when we spoke with words of cheer,
Most bitterly he smiled.

He smiled, and then a gush of tears,
And then a fierce, wild look;
And then he murmured of the Fox
Which haunted Salmon Brook,
Until his hearers every one
With nameless terror shook.

He turned away with a frightful cry,
And hurried madly on,
As if the dark and spectral thing
Before his path had gone—
We called him back, but he heeded not
The kind and warning tone.

He came not back to us again,
But the Indian hunters said
That far, where the howling wilderness
Its leafy tribute shed,
They found our missing hunters
Naked and cold and dead.

Their grave they made beneath the shade,
Of the old and the solemn wood,
Where oaks, by time alone hewn down,
For centuries had stood—
And left them without shroud or prayer,
In the dark solitude.

The Indians always shun that grave—
The wild deer treads not there—
The green grass is not trampled down
By catamount or bear—
The soaring wild-bird turns away,
Even in the upper air—

For people say that every year,
When winter snows are spread
All over the face of the frozen earth,
And the forest leaves are shed,
The Spectre-Fox comes forth and howls
Above the hunters' bed'."

* In the "Dream of Eugene Aram," a beautiful poem, by Hood, published two or three years ago are the following lines:

"But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!"

For the Constellation.

CHAMPAIGNE.

'Tis pleasure sure to drink champaigne,
If it be choice and good,
It does so stir the senses up,
And warm the stagnant blood:
Some like the *joly*—some *I. C.*—
Some like whate'er's at hand—
But I have drank of all, and still
Prefer the *anchor* brand.

Amid the wine cup's flushing depths
The rarest pleasure lies,
And when the cork flies up you hear
Its shout of gladness rise;
Wit lurks too in the sparkling glass,
And when the bubbles dance,
Lurking among them you will catch
His quick and merry glance.

"When wine is *in*, then wit is *out*,"
Said some one who was dry,
But I the adage would reverse—
I know it is a lie!
The man who wrote it never knew
The ecstacy of bliss
And no—ah! no—he never drank
Such joyous stuff as this!

'Tis rich and racy—sweet and clear—
And see the bubbles bright,
How gloriously they're rising there
And bursting in the light.—
If all the sages of old time
Could drink one night with me,
What jolly souls—what merry boys
And brilliant wits they'd be!

'Tis true—the night wont last for aye,
The morning will intrude,
And sleepy heads will roundly swear
the sun is very rude;
Tis true—that if with wine you use
No sort of circumspection,
The next day will be sure to bring
The head-ache and reflection.

But never mind—we'll live and drink,
And drown the voice of sorrow,
Without a thought that it will ring
The louder on the morrow:—
We'll fill and drink, and drink and fill,
Till our Champaigne is gone,
And then send for *another* case,
To Richard Williamson! BENEDICK.

Qualifications of a Schoolmaster. A young collegian, itinerating in the state of Maine, fell in company, and also in love, with a very pretty girl, the daughter of an old curmudgeon, whose brains were made of saw dust, hogs lard and molasses, but who, on account of the spaciousness of his farm, had been for years at the head of the school committee in the district. The collegian's attachment to Sally (for that was the name of the daughter) was so overpowering, that all the logic and philosophy he had learned in the schools was, compared to the force of his passion, as chaff in a hurricane. But not having the where-with-all, to winter in Maine without a resort to employment, he intimated to Sally that he should like to keep the school in that district; when the kind hearted girl informed him that her father was the committee man, and she also informed him what questions would be put to him, and how he must answer them, if he expected to gain the good graces of her father. Accordingly, on Sunday evening, the young man of classic lore informed the old ignoramus that he should like to take charge of their school for the winter, and board in his family. Whereupon the old fellow assumed an air of much importance, and looking at the applicant with his usual dignity while examining candidates for keeping school, put the same questions that Sally had informed her paramour would be asked.

"Do you believe in the final salvation of all the world?"

"Most certainly, (answered the young collegian) it is the only belief that the scriptures justify."

"Do you believe that God ever made another man equal to Thomas Jefferson?"

"Certainly not—and I have been of this opinion ever since I read his Notes on Virginia."

"Can you spell Massachusetts?"

"I ought to know how, sir, for it is my native state."

"Well, spell it."

The young man spelled the word very distinctly, when the father turned to the daughter and said,—"Did he spell it right, Sal?" Yes sir, answered the affectionate girl—when her father, turning again to the candidate, triumphantly exclaimed—"You may begin school to-morrow."

How the young pedagogue and Sally managed affairs through the winter, is another part of the story. N Bedford Gazette.

Breach of promise. A very interesting suit once took place in the city of Gotham, between two persons of color. Dinah, a lovely ebon dame of twenty-five, whose eyes, lips, and gait, *outcaricatured* the finest productions of Imbert's pencil, brought a suit for breach of promise against Pompey, and the damages were laid at twenty-five dollars and fifty cents. It appeared on evidence, that Dinah was chambermaid to an alderman, and Pompey was a waiter to one of the leaders of good society: therefore the contending parties were of high standing in "society." It further appeared in evidence, that Pompey had paid his addresses to Miss Dinah for three weeks—that he had whispered his tale of love, in accents soft and bland, had moreover given her, in testimony of his truth, a pewter ring, set with a valuable chrystal; but suddenly, without cause, or provocation, the *dark* Lothario had unpolitely and inhumanly deserted the lovely Dinah, and joined himself in wedlock to Rosa, after a courtship of two hours. The jury, after having "been out" for two days and nine hours, returned with a verdict in favor of the aggrieved and disconsolate plaintiff, of six dollars and three quarters, with costs. Mercantile Advertiser.

March of Elegance. We were rather amused at the last Sessions by hearing the officer of the Court read over the names of a family of *paupers*, whose settlement was the subject of dispute; they were as follow:—"Frederick, Elizabeth Julia, Theresa Matilda, Amelia, Eugenia, Agrippa, and Emma!" This is refinement with a vengeance. (We recollect the wife of a vender of matches, at Chester, bearing the *refined* names of "Henrietta Maria Matilda," and a shred of mankind—who had as many Christian names as a Spaniard, to wit: "John Clolworthy Skeffington Downie Hannah." *Mem* his godmother was a scullion in Lord Skeffington's kitchen.) Essex Standard.

MISCELLANY.

THE KELP-GATHRER.

The stranger who wanders along the terrific masses of crag that overhang the green and foaming waters of the Atlantic, on the western coasts of Ireland, feels a melancholy interest, excited in his mind, as he turns aside from the more impressive grandeurs of the scene, and gazes on the small stone heaps that are scattered over the moss on which he treads. They are the graves of the nameless few whose bodies have been from time to time ejected from the bosom of the ocean, and cast upon those lonely crags to startle the early fisherman with their ghastly and disfigured bulk. Here they meet, at the hands of the pitying mountaineers, the last offices of Christian charity—a grave in the nearest soft earth, with no other ceremonial than the humble peasant's prayer. Here they lie, uncoffined, unlamented, unclaimed by mourning friends, starting like sudden spectres of death from the depths of the ocean, to excite a wild fear, a passing thought of pity, a vain inquiry in the hamlet, and then sink into the earth in mystery and silence, to be no more remembered on its surface.

The obscurity which envelopes the history of those unhappy strangers affords a subject to the speculative traveller, on which he may give free play to the wings of his imagination. Few, indeed, can pass these deserted sepulchres without endeavouring for a moment to penetrate in fancy the darkness which enshrouds the fate of their mouldering tenants without beholding the progress of the ruin that struck from beneath the voyager's feet, the firm and lofty fabric to which he had confidently trusted his existence, without hearing the shrieks of the despairing crew, and the stern and horrid burst of the roused up ocean, as it dealt the last stroke upon the groaning timbers of the wreck, and scattered the whole pile far and wide, in countless atoms, upon the boiling surface of the deep. And again, without turning in thought to the far-away homes, at which the tale of the wanderers was never told—to the pale young widow that dreamed herself still a wife, and lived on, from morn to morn, in the fever of a vain suspense—to the helpless parent, that still hoped for the offices of filial kindness from the hand that was now mouldering in a distant grave; and to the social fire-side, over whose evening pastimes the long silence of an absent friend had thrown a gloom, that the certainty of woe or gladness could never remove.

Among those nameless tombs, within the space of the last few years, the widow of a fisherman, named Reardon, was observed to spend a great portion of her time. Her husband had died young, perishing in a sudden storm, which swept his canoe from the coast side into the waste of sea beyond it; and his wife was left to inhabit a small cottage near the crags, and to support, by the labor of her hands, an only child, who was destined to inherit little more than the blessing, the virtue and the affections of his parent. The poor widow endeavored to procure a subsistence for her boy and for herself, by gathering the kelp which was thrown upon the crags, and which was burned for the purpose of manufacturing soap from its ashes; while the youth employed his yet unformed strength in tilling the small garden, that was confined by a quick-set hedge, at their cottage side. They were fondly attached and toiled incessantly to obtain the means of comfort, rather for each other than for themselves; but, with all their exertions, fortune left them in the rearward of her favor. The mother beheld, with a mother's agony, the youthful limbs and features of her boy exhibit the sickly effects of habitual privation, and habitual toil; while the son mourned to see the feebleness of a premature old age begin to steal upon the health and vigor of his parent.

In these difficulties, a prospect of certain advantage and probable good fortune, induced the young man to leave his mother and his native country for some years. The distresses and disturbances which agitated that unhappy land, pressed so heavily upon the fortunes of many families of the middle, as well as the lower rank, that great numbers were found to embrace the opportunity of improvement, which the colonization of the new world held out for their advantage. Among those who emigrated, was the family under whom the Reardons held their little cottage; and with them it was, that the young man determined to try his fortune in a happier region. Having arranged their affairs so as to secure his widowed parent against absolute poverty, they separated with many tears, the mother blessing her son as she committed him to the guardianship of Providence, and the son pledging himself to return to her assistance so soon as he had obtained the means of providing her the comforts necessary for her old age.

His success, though gradual, was complete. The blessings of the young Tobias fell upon the work of his hands, and his industry, because well directed, was productive, even beyond his expectations. Instead of lingering like many of his fellow-exiles in the sea-port towns, where they were detained by idleness, and that open-mouthed folly, which persuades men that fortune may be found without the pain of seeking. Young Reardon proceeded at once into the new settlements, where human industry is one of the most valuable and valued commodities. In a little time he was enabled to remit a considerable portion of his earnings to his poor mother, and continued from time to time, to increase his contributions to her comfort, until at length the abundance of his prosperity was such, as to enable him to relinquish the pursuit of gain, and to fulfil the promise he had made at parting.

He did not return alone. With the full approbation of the poor widow he had joined his fate to that of a young person in the settlement where he dwelt, whose dispositions were in every way analogous to his own, and who only excelled him in the superior ease and comfort of her circumstances. Previous to his return, he wrote to the poor widow, to inform her, that in less than two months from that time, with the blessing of Providence, her daughter-in-law, her two grand children, and her son would meet beneath the roof of her ancient dwelling.

Fancy, if you can, the anxiety, with which the poor widow looked out for the long expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her, was such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighborhood, and to render her independent of the hard and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honor of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent, and other great men, who passed through that lonely district. A few flowers sprang up in her sally fringed garden which were not the less tenderly cherished, that the seeds from which they grew, were transmitted from that emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life up to the moment when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation, to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to Heaven, and her entire dependence upon the divine will.

But, forgive a mother's fondness!—There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty, by a sudden and startling occasion. After the widow had heard the letter read, in which her son announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of heaven indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart, showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion, she often found her thoughts wandering, from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went morn after morn, to the cliff-head, and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers, which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavored to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, her deck covered with pale and affrighted faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son, and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking-yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft, and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window, made her start, and sit erect, in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of its rarest and most favorable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow, during the whole of that period, in the manner which, had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbors all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful, on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighboring river in the course of the day, or had appeared in the offing. She was constantly cheered with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward bound ship or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged along with unaccustomed heaviness.

One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely, that the widow thought the morning would never dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden, she heard voices outside the window. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognized the voice of a friendly neighbor, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate. She judged correctly.

"Good news! good news! Mrs. Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?"

"That small boat!—what?—where?"

"Below there, ma'am, where I'm pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?"

"I cannot—I cannot--it is so dark"—the widow replied, endeavoring to penetrate the gloom.

"Dark! And the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!"

"Day! The sun! O my Almighty Father, save me!"

"What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?"

"See them?" the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes and shrieking aloud in her agony--"Oh! I shall never see him more!—I am dark and blind!"

The peasant started back and blessed herself. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

"Where is she? My mother! O my darling mother, I am come back to you. Look, I have kept my word."

She strove, with a sudden effort of self restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

"My good, kind boy," said she, laying her hand heavily on his arm—"you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind."

The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. "Blind! my mother!" he repeated—"Oh, heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark forever! Is it for this I have prayed and labored? Blind and dark! O my poor mother! Oh, heaven! Oh, mother, mother!"

"Hold, now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a christian to talk? Come near me, and let me touch your hands. Don't add to my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of heaven. Where are you? Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah, my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me."

The disappointed exile supported her in his arms. "Well,--well--my poor mother," he said, "I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer and show so discontent, it would be unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of heaven be done!—but it is a bitter—bitter stroke." Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom and wept aloud, while his wife retiring softly to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten. After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the throbs and moaning of the younger mother. "Is that my daughter's voice?" she asked--"place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom." The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow. "Young and fair, I am sure," the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these?—Tears? My good child, you should dry our tears instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see--ah! my heart--let me *feel* them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels. Oh! if I could only open my eyes for one moment to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again for the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day--one hour after your arrival--but the will of heaven be done! perhaps even this moment, when we think ourselves most miserable, He is preparing for us some hidden blessing."

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the re-united family in tears and mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully, should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow, for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their commiseration to a fellow-creature's sorrow--even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard with real pity the story of their distress, was a surgeon who resided in the neighborhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art, which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow when she was alone in the cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

"It is not over with me yet, sir," she concluded, "for still when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when I hear my son say something pleasant, I turn to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems as if I lost my sight over again."

The surgeon discovered, on examination, that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the chrystalline lens, and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light. The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this science, render this disease, which was once held to be incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once by the condition of the eyes, that, by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or prematurely, he began by asking her whether, for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor woman replied, "that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her existence."

"Then," replied her visiter, "I may inform you, that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore you to sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you with an apartment in my house, and your family shall know nothing of it until the cure is effected."

The widow consented, and on that very evening the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after, the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over her eyes, until the wounds which he had found necessary to inflict, had been perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow—

"I think we may now venture with safety to remove the covering. Compose yourself now, my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness."

The poor woman clasped her hands firmly together, and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow, and the light burst in a joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered and incapable of viewing any object with distinctness. The first on which her eyes reposed, was the figure of a young man bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness upon hers, and with his arms outstretched as if to anticipate the recognition. The face, though changed and sunned since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance, that she might have the

opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness, and again, with a burst of tears flung herself upon his neck. Other voices, too mingled with theirs. She beheld her daughter and their children waiting eagerly for her caress. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of raptures which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the young mother—the fresh and rosy color of the children the glossy brightness of their hair—their smiles—their movements of joy—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such as she might never have experience, had she never considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon, who thought that the consciousness of a stranger's presense might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been made instrumental in conferring.

"Richard," said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder and looked into his eyes, "did I not judge aright, when I said that even when we thought ourselves the most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing? Were we in the right to murmur?"

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed down his head in silence.

Tales of the five Senses.

PATENT PAINTING.

We insert the following note, which has been addressed to us, not because we have been able to present any remedy for the dire mishap which has befallen the lady to whom it alludes, nor to afford to her any motives for consolation under her misfortune; but from a persuasion that it may benefit such of our female readers as feel inclined to try upon their complexions the effects of any of the various cosmetics described in books, or certified as infallible preservers or restorers of beauty, in the public papers. Consequences equally injurious, if not quite so ludicrous, as those pointed out in this communication, are to be anticipated from them all.

To the Editors of the Journal of Health.

A most unfortunate accident has induced me to apply to you, gentlemen, for advice.—You must know that my sister Matilda, whose complexion is somewhat decayed, had got hold of a book called, '*Medea's Kettle*; or the art of restoring decayed beauty," which contains among other receipts, one for an *infallible* cosmetic, calculated to produce a most beautiful complexion. This we mixed up, and I am sure put every thing in that was directed, and proceeded exactly as the book prescribed. When it was ready, I spread it on *my* sister's face when she went to bed. But there must have been some sad mistake somewhere; for on hastening to her room in the morning to witness the effects of our experiment, what do you think I beheld?—Her whole face was of a bright *sky blue* color! Only think how shocking—how mortifying—I thought I should have dropped, though I could not help laughing, my sister looked so comical. As for Matilda, she would certainly have gone out of her senses, had I not assured her that her face would undoubtedly be restored to its former color, by washing it with soap and water. This we tried and tried again—warm water we tried, scalding water we tried, but poor Matilda's face remained just the same—bright sky blue. We were now upon the point of giving up any further attempts, when the laundress proposed trying some stuff, muriatic acid I think she called it, that she was in the habit of employing to remove stains from linen. This we accordingly did, and I do think we should have succeeded, but that the acid was of a yellowish hue, and mixing with the blue stain upon the face, produced a delicate *pea green*. This is my poor sister's present color, and I thus, for all I know, it will remain. We intend trying scalding water again, and you shall have an early account of the boiling—but in the mean time, for goodness sake, do, gentlemen, you who are so completely versed in all that relates to the human constitution, give us your advice and assistance. For my part, I am almost afraid of applying the hot water, lest we should change the complexion of our sister to some more hideous hue. This I should be sorry to do, as I have rather a fancy for pea-green. This you know might certainly be the case. Lobsters, you are aware, change color when boiled, and so do lilac ribbons. This is an idea of my own—but I hear my sister call, and as I can do nothing at present, but endeavor to console her with hopes that you may point out some means for restoring her natural complexion, I have only time to subscribe myself. Yours,

ELLEN.

Lieu. Col Geritz, a descendant of William Tell, forms a division of sharp shooters which he calls his "infernal troop."

ANECDOTES OF WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AMERICAN ANECDOTES.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Sir Walter Rdeigh observes of Queen Elizabeth, that she would set the reason of her meanest subjects against the authority of her greatest councllors. By this means she raised the ordinary customs of London about fifty thousand a year, without any additional impost. When Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Leicester, and Secretary Walsingham, had set themselves so much against a poor waiter of the custom-house, called Cardwarder, as to command the grooms of the chamber to refuse him admission to the Queen, she sent for him and listened to his petition and advise. It was in vain that she disgraced them, and lessened her own dignity, by giving ear to the complaints of busy meddlers. She used to say, that if men should complain unjustly against the ministers, she knew well enough how to punish them; but if they had reason for the complaint they offered her, she was Queen of all, the small as well as the great, and would not suffer herself to be besieged by servants who could have no motive for wishing it, but their interest in the oppression of others.

CROMWELL'S GRANDCHILD.

Mrs. Bendysh, the grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, when a child of only six years of age, frequently sat between his knees when he held his cabinet councils, and that on the most important affairs. When some of the ministers objected to her being present, Cromwell said 'there was no secret he would trust with any of them, that he could not trust with that infant.' To prove that his confidence was not mistaken, he one day told her something as in confidence, under the charge of secrecy, and then urged her mother and grandmother to extort it from her by promises, and caresses, and bribes. These failing, threathings and severe whipping were tried to extort the secret from her, but she bore it all with the most dispassionate firmness, expressing her duty to her mother, but her still greater duty to keep her promise of secrecy to her grandfather, and not to betray the confidence reposed in her.

FAITHFUL NURSE.

Juliana Maria, the second wife of Frederick the Fifth of Denmark, anxious to secure the crown to her own child, laid a plan for murdering the crown prince Christian, to whom she was step-mother. The young prince was indisposed, and Juliana, under the pretext of fondness, was frequent in her visits to him. One day she found the prince's favorite nurse preparing some gruel for her young charge, over a silver lamp. There being no other person in the room, she sent the nurse out to fetch her something, and took that opportunity of putting a quantity of mineral poison into the gruel. The nurse, who was a Norwegian, had long suspected the queen's intentions; she, therefore, watched her closely, and perceived the queen put something in the gruel, and stir it up. She immediately called a domestic, of the name of Wolff, and told him to go to Count Molckte, and give him a ring that she handed to him, and request his excellency to hasten to the apartments of the crown prince. She then reentered the room, and the queen told her to take the gruel to the prince, as it was sufficiently boiled, and would, no doubt, do him good. Every limb shook with horror as the nurse took up the saucepan. "Why don't you go with it to the prince," said Juliana.—"Pardon me, gracious queen," said the honest nurse, "but it is my duty to disobey you." "How dare you disobey my commands!" said the queen. The nurse did not reply, but as the tears streamed down her cheeks, she looked significantly at the gruel.

The queen, torn by rage and fear, at seeing her wicked plot frustrated, determined to accuse the nurse of an attempt to poison the young prince, and was actually base enough to charge her with it, in presence of Count Molckte. The truth, however, was discovered; the king, from that time, never lived with the queen; and the faithful nurse was rewarded, and continued in her office.

THE REBELLION IN STOCK POGIS.

Answer to Mrs. Jones's Letter in Hood's Comic Annual.

Padiston third January, 1831.

Da. Mrs. Jones,—I take pin in hand to Scratch you a few Remarks in return for your kind Pestle: it however gav me a sevear Blow to hear of my deer Friends Rootall Sttawayshun; keep up your Spirits, dee my deer Friend, I dout not in your next I shall hear you have taken to your Old Runn again down stairs and had the Windy Pains in a Hole condishun—Yet what can you Relie on when the Country Germals is filled with sheets of Flams of Steaks and Bairns burnt to their foundnayshones! But let you and me Mrs. J, hop that these evil Doors may be secured. I have a bit of Noose for you—Swing is taken and lockt up—let us hop then that Septs may be taken for expshinning his Confederats——You enquire what your King and Manystirs think of Stock Puggys I believe they think your Majossteerall Funkshunaress nite have shone more Hacktivity and Incision again armed Poplars and Incinders—but its all owing to the March of Intellix—insti I of mindin there work they are always runnin to heer some Seedishus Ourang or other on the Horrastocracy—they now call themselves the Industerious Classis, formally they was called The Lore Orders. My Servant gal attends Love Feasts and Missinarea Meetins and has the impidence to tell me she has a Soal as valleyable as my own and actally ask'd if her minnyster nite be aloud to come an I prepair me for Heaven; but I told the uzzy to prepair herselt for another place and gav her a munths warnin to soot her. It—isnt about the parleament—Hurl Grey the Primer has a load on is Shoulders which I hop he will beable to discharg an all go off quiet: He has pledged himself for to the caws for Riforn an ays helt Redrench evry Place where he has Cotnnds: and they all talk about Pooling Mesurs; but the Wetterun Bishop Sinecurers and Cloths. Borrowers show pourfull Oppisishun and perplix and embrace all his plans—Pettyshuns come in from all Parts for Neeromancy passion, wich I take to be some new plan for washin the Blackamer wite—also for the vote by Ballad which Mr. Hum supports afid likewis Mr. Oconl the Hireish mimber wich wants the Onion to be repected and caws all Hireland Watery eyes; but I hop sich Cryses will niver arive——I supose youve herd Hunt is returced for Prestun wherby Im sorry to heer of a incindery sittin in the ows, for he not only first burnt the Corn but sold it after to the pure Peeple—but is Blackin his good——Our new Lord Cancellor Brewem gives us Hops that he will put a end to all the Old Suits without making any New Breeches wich wrong Incisions wold show Shear hignorance—but hes no Goos!—Mr. Grant wants to Muncypate the Jews—Porkreetchers! my next Nabor Levy says they are a Pursycutish Race thogh they have Numbers of Genests among them fit for Trusts on Securitys; but let who will be in or out sons thin must be done. Winters com and the ole Country wants instant Releafing thong I hop no Treesunable acts will be manny fisted be the Peeple. Nobody now cant sell nothing Goods hangs on hand and Malefactors are dropping in every line—Soverins is scars and Peeples ready to tear each other to pieces for une—We want some change——In the Naborhood of Manshister thirty thousn Waiers are in a state of Risibility which is no laughin matter, havin struck for more Wags tho' they get thirty shillins a Weak and are always in Labor!—this abolition of feelin shold be chekt, for it is to go on it will most likely continew——As you observe, the Rag for Chang is grate—as they say The Scullmasters Abroad and the Scull all in confushon—Old Head devices done away with and Hairy Cassless supplyin the place—Aspics on the Continence seem very embracing—tho the Trials in France is over the Peeple are in Truble—I hope the Rising in the Low Kantrys is over—The Poles seem to be makin head again the Rushons in great Arund Bodis—bent on Deth or imprisenment to get Liberty—In short all Eurups in Hirms; but nothins so Barberus as Civil connoshins Hopin all is over with You, and restin asshurd Stuck Puggys is not likely to rise again, I conclude remaining Your sincer Frend and well wisher. A. Humphries.

BYRON TO HIS WIFE.

AFTER THEIR SEPARATION.

This letter, from Moore's second volume, is dated at Pisa, in 1821. Without commenting on its sentiments, which are less *Byronic* than most we have seen from the same source, we are surprised to find in his style the word "lovely."

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of "Ada's hair," which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl—perhaps from its being let grow. I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why; I believe that they are the only two or three words of your hand-writing in my possession: for your letters I returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word, "Semicolon," written twice in an old account book, I have no other. I burnt your last note for two reasons:—firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and, secondly, I wish to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious persons. I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday; the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six; so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her; perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness;—every day which keeps us asunder should rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after both her parents. The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a fatal mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, tho' it is not very extended period of life, still it is one when the heart and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now. I say all this, because I owe it to you, that, notwithstanding every thing, I consider our reunion as not impossible for more than a year after the separation; but then I gave up the hope entirely and forever. But this very impossibility of reunion seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connexions. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocation can awake in my resentment. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I feel you so, (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember that *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something, and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving. Whether this offence has been wholly on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect on any but two things,—viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also reconsider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three."

Violent Courtship. During the excesses of the Jacobin party in Paris, Schneider, who was commissary of the French Government at Strasburgh, was distinguished by the atrocity of his actions.—A Priest of the name of Euack, having made his recantation, and taken civic oaths, requested Schneider to find him a wife: he assembled the young women of Strasburgh, and addressed them in a speech in which he declared, that whoever should refuse Citizen Euack for a husband, should be considered as a suspected person, and punished by the guillotine. The amorous Priest, of course, found a pretty wife.

First come first served. A fellow having been adjudged, on a conviction of perjury, to lose his ears; when the executioner came to put the sentence of the law in force, he found that he had been already cropped. The hangman seemed a little surprised. "What," said the criminal, with all the *sang froid* imaginable, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears every time you are pleased to crop me?"

We feel gratified, says the Baltimore Minerva, in having it in our power to present our readers with the following little *morceau*, from the pen of our friend Dawes. The writings of this gentleman are too well known to need any encomium from us. He is at present engaged in finishing a tragedy entitled, "*Eudocia*."

LOVE AND DEATH.

While Love, oppressed, one sunny day,
Was dreaming in a brake of roses,
His arrows, scattered, round him lay,
As ever, when the boy reposes.

Death, on his icy errand sent
To stay the current of life's river,
By some unguarded accident,
Dropt half the arrows from his quiver.

There, mingling with the shafts of joy,
The senseless hand of Death mistaking,
Took from the arrows of the boy,
And left his own for sorrow's waking.

Since—Age, while bending o'er the tomb,
Feels the last barb the god is weeping;
While blooming youth laments the doom
Which fate reversed while Love was sleeping.

R. D.

Anecdote of Wilkie. A young man, now a painter of eminence, when the fit of art fell upon him, came to London, resolved to commence painter at once. He had a letter of introduction to a member of the Royal Academy, a distinguished one—he was received with politeness, and was emboldened to request some information concerning the mode of making up a palette and employing colors.—"Young man," said this person, "there are mysteries in my art, these are of them, which are not to be told, and must be discovered by long study—I wish you a good morning." Thus repulsed, said our informant, I resolved to be more wary with Wilkie, to whom I had a letter also—I saw him, was received kindly, and as soon as possible, began to hunt for the information I wanted as ingeniously as I could. Wilkie turned sharply round, and said, "O, you want to know how to prepare your palette, and commence on canvas? had you said so at first, it would have saved going round the bush—come with me." He took me into his painting room, and would not let me go away till he saw that I had mastered the difficulty, to a certain extent. As we parted, he said, smiling, "Come back, if I can help you further—come back at any rate." At some distant period these anecdotes may be thought not unworthy of mingling in the biography of this distinguished painter.

Athenæum.

The Wit Outwitted. A few years since, a countryman passing at night, with his team, through the town of Stow, observed an old fashioned house with a chimney built on the outside. Being something of a wag, he alarmed the inmates, and called up the master, who putting his head out of the window to inquire the cause, was coolly informed, that "as it looked likely to rain he had better *take in his chimney*." Our wagoner satisfied with his exploit, drove on, but had not proceeded far when his team was plunged into a mud hole; unable to extricate it, he was compelled, after much useless cursing and swearing lavished alternately upon the roads and his oxen, to apply for assistance at the only house within a distance of some miles—the one whose occupants he had just "played the fool with." The master of the house heard his story with patience, and when he had concluded, answered him with becoming gravity, "that he regretted his inability to assist him, as he expected every moment it would rain, and his hands were all busy *housing the chimney*."

Boston Transcript.

The Bar. The bar is emphatically the school of eloquence, says a distinguished novelist. Let us present two or three examples. "Behold him! see him! look at him, gentlemen of the jury!" exclaimed one of the legal fraternity in a moment of inspiration—"there he stands, walking about with the cloak of hypocricy in his mouth, trying to withdraw three oak trees out of my client's pocket!"

"Sir," said another, "a man who could do that, sir, must have a heart, sir—gen'men o' the jury—as black, sir,—as black, sir,—" (a by-stander saw his distress, and thrust out his *hat* towards)—"as black, sir—as your hat, gen'men o' the jury."

"She was youthful," said a third, "as love beautiful as an angel, sir,"—(it was on a petition for a divorce)—and virtuous, sir—as virtuous—as—as could be expected."

EARLY DEATH.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Quem Deus amat, moritur adolescens.

If it be said to mark the bow'd with age
Sink in the battle of the remorseless tomb,
Closing the chances of life's pilgrimage
In the still darkness of its mouldering gloom;
—Oh what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the loved and young!

They to whose bosoms, like the dawn of spring
To the unfolding bud and scented rose,
Comes the pure freshness age can never bring—
The spirit joyous in its rich repose:
How shall we lay them in their final rest—
How pile the clods upon their wasting breast?

Life opeth brightly to their ardent gaze—
A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky,
O'er the broad world Hope's smile incessant plays,
And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye:
—How sad to break the vision, and to fold
Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould!

Yet this is Life! To mark, from day to day,
Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,
Pass, like the anthem of a breezy away—
Sinking in waves of Death, ere chill'd by Time!
Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed
Autumnal mildew o'er its rose-like red!

And yet what mourner, though the pensive eye
Be dimly thoughtful in its lava tears,
But should with rapture gaze upon the sky
Through whose far depths the spirit's wing careers?
There glooms eternal o'er their ways are flung,
Who fade from earth while yet their years are young!

Alonzo Cano, a Spanish artist, may be literally said to have felt the ruling passion strong in death; for when the priest, who had attended him, presented the crucifix, he turned his eyes away, and refused to look at it, because the sculpture was so badly executed but asked for a plain cross, which being brought to him, he embraced it devoutly, and expired.

No sensible man ever thought a beautiful wife was worth as much as one that could make a good pudding.—I wish the girls all know this, for I feel a great interest in their welfare.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1831.

CELESTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER II.

Fumfum, The Moon, 22d Glimdonne,
A. H. L. 5091.

SIR,—You will doubtless recollect I mentioned in my last, that one of the daughters of the Man in the Moon had died of a sonnet, which an earthly editor had cruelly and ungallantly refused an insertion in his poet's corner. She has since obligingly furnished me with a copy, which I herewith send you for perusal.

"SONNET TO THE MOON.

O bounteous Moon,
Thou queen of night,
Who rid'st aboon
In thy own sweet light,
In pity look down
From thy lofty sphere,
Nor coldly frown
On us lovers here;
Thy influence lend,
And forever be
The untailing friend
Of Muggins and me.
Hear us, Lady moon,
While thou rid'st aboon."

The fair author informed me that these lines were lately published in the Lunar Gazette, with very high encomiums by the editor of that paper; and declared, with no little bitterness of feeling, that there was neither taste nor gallantry among the editional corps on your stupid subluinary planet; and that the editor of the Lunar Gazette has more of the gentleman in a single hair of his moustachies, than is to be found in the entire body of the earthly corps editorial, whiskers and all.

It is curious to note the difference in manners and costume of the various nations on the globe, but those of the Lunar inhabitants differ from all others. The mode of salutation among the gentlemen when they meet is, to leap up and strike the soles of their feet together; a mode, which however elegant it may be when skilfully performed, is apt to endanger a fall backwards, especially to one who has not the most perfect command of his feet. And hence, instead of saying "how do you do?" when meeting, they merely say "how is your *understanding?*" But this meeting of the soles of the feet is exceedingly tiresome to a man who has a large number of guests to receive; and I have more than once seen his Potency, the Man in the Moon, obliged to rest between whiles, when receiving company at his levees. But such is the tyranny of etiquette, that even the Man in the Moon, with all his power, dare not omit one tittle of the ceremony.

As for the ladies, they make pretty nearly the same use of their hands in salutation, that the gentlemen do of their feet—that is to say, they strike the palms together, somewhat in the same fashion as children do among you, when they amuse themselves at the play called toin-fool. But the salutation of a gentleman and lady is different from either. It consists in the gentleman's embracing the tip of the lady's nose between the first and second fingers of his right hand; while she honors the nose of the gentleman by performing the same operation with the second and third fingers of her left hand.

Such I am assured have been the modes of salutation among the people of the Moon from time immemorial; but the modes of dress, as with you, change with the times. The petticoats of the ladies at present are in the shape of an inverted cone. Being distended by a large hoop round the hips, and contracted to a very small circumference round the ankles. This gives them a rather confined, but very modest gait, and is a very sure preventative against the excessive spinning of street-yarn. The sleeves of their gowns are also rather in the inverted order, being tight at the shoulder and amply distended at the forearm, down which they reach about half way, and are, as the times go, of very moderate dimensions, containing, as the second daughter of the man in the moon assured me, only three yards of gossamer each. Their bonnets are in shape and size much the same as a large tea-tray; and they are so put on, that the longest diameter crosses the head from side to side. Such being the size, shape and mode of wearing the bonnet, it is impossible for a lady in walking to derive any benefit from a gentleman's arm, as the nearest approximation will scarcely allow them to touch one another's fingers.

The dress of the gentlemen is, if possible, still more singular. Their coats, which are made very long, and fit their waists to a hair, have skirts hanging down both before and behind; being made whole in those parts, and buttoning up on each side. They wear small-clothes, which reach to the calf, and are in like manner buttoned up on each side, from the bottom to the top. Their boots are yellow, with black tops. They wear wigs of a pea-green color, and hats without brims. They have neither shirts nor waistcoats, the latter being unnecessary on account of the fashion of the coat, and the place of the former supplied, to all outward appearance, by the use of the dicky. This is made whole before, and comes up to the tip of the nose, an orifice being made opposite the mouth, for the convenience of eating an drinking.

The Philosophers on your planet pretend to have discovered mountains and volcanoes in the Moon. But they are entirely mistaken. The surface of the Moon is as smooth as that of an artificial globe. There is neither mountain nor valley; all is one charming unvaried plain. The mountains they pretend to have discovered, can be nothing else than the lofty palaces of the city of Fumfum, and the vast buildings belonging to the Moon-shine establishment. The clouds of smoke, arising from the chimnies of this celebrated manufactory, have very naturally been mistaken for the eruptions of volcanoes.

The Moon-shine Company, which is probably the oldest corporate body in the universe, was established in the year one, and has lately renewed its charter for the twenty-ninth time. The machinery belonging to this establishment is brought to very great perfection; and the moonshine manufactured here is believed to be of the very best quality. About eleven hundred years since, as I was informed by the agent—who by the by, appears to be very much of a gentleman—an opposition company was formed, and in the strife of competition the price of Moon-shine was reduced to the lowest possible rates. The consequence was that the new company, who started on borrowed capital, and whose Moon-shine was of inferior quality, failed in less than a hundred years, and again left to the original company the entire monopoly of the manufacture.

The Lunar Gazette is the leading newspaper in this country. It is especially patronized by the Man in the Moon, and is the chief organ of his communication with the people. It is printed morning and evening on a double imperial sheet. In addition to the government patronage, the editor has been rewarded for his political services by the appointment of *Slang-Master-General*, an office worth ten thousand *Moonies* per annum—equal to about seven thousand five hundred dollars of your money.

This appointment gave a great deal of dissatisfaction to the opposite party, who did not fail to brand it with the name of corruption; and it was no less opposed to the wishes of certain individuals of the government party itself, who had fixed their eyes upon the same office. But his Potency, the Man in the Moon, felt secure in his own strength and did not care a fig for all the croaking of the opposition, or the uneasiness of disappointed rivalry.

Among the *on dits* of the Lunar Gazette, it is rumored, I know not on what authority, that a certain distinguished lunatic, who is now extraordinary Minister to one of the greatest powers in Europe, is expected here shortly. But whether he is to come here in the quality of ambassador, or merely in the capacity of a private citizen, seems not to be positively decided by the Gazette. It is believed, however, that he will make this his permanent residence; and should that be the case, many people think he stands a very fair chance to be raised, in due time, to the office of Man in the Moon.

The violence of parties here is very great.—The principal factions at present are the *Step-toedians* and the *Step-heel-ians*. They take their names respectively from their different modes of walking. The Step-toedians first touch their *toes* to the ground, and contend this is the only proper mode of walking; while on the other hand the Step-heelians bring down their *heels* first, and as strenuously contend that this is the only proper mode.

These factions include both sexes, and their differences are carried to such a height as nearly to preclude all neighborly intercourse. The ladies never visit one another, and those of each party would sooner burst than speak to one of the opposite faction. The parents enjoin it upon their sons and daughters respectively, to turn their backs upon the sons and daughters of their opponents. It is not, however, so easy in all cases to restrain the younger branches within the bounds of party, and, like Romeo and Juliet, they sometimes consult their own wishes, instead of those of the old people; in which case, being disowned by both the great factions, they naturally form a third party, which, in derision, is denominated the *Quiddletonians*, and is held in no respect by either of the other parties.

These factions are at present nearly equally divided; the Step-toedians are however the ruling party. The Man in the Moon belongs to this faction. Formerly the Step-heelians had the upper hand; but after a long and severe struggle the Step-toedians gained the day, and put all their opponents out of office. An opposition man told me there never was such a sweeping before.—Even the thecatcher to his Potency—the most expert man ever employed in that business—was hurled out of office to make room for a Step-toedian, who had never caught a flea in his life.

But this is the story of an opposition man; and you know what Butler says:

"No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

So the Step-heelians, being turned out of office, have naturally very little love or good will towards their opponents. On the other hand, the present ruling party do not hesitate to declare that the old possessors of power were utterly incapable of managing the affairs of the nation. The second daughter of the Man in the Moon assured me, that, in addition to the incapacity of the opposite party, they were horrid vulgar and not in the least calculated to lead the *ton*. For her own part, she could never think of the low and plebeian practice of putting her heel to the ground first.

It is exceedingly difficult to remain here any length of time, without taking sides with one or the other of these factions. Indeed I had scarcely been here a week, when I was asked which of the parties I intended to join; and received invitations from both to unite myself to their respective sides. I got off by pleading that I was a foreigner, that my stay in the country would probably be short, and that it would not become me to take part with either of the factions against the other. My excuse was allowed to be valid, but at the same time I could not help noticing that I was looked upon by both parties with a jealous eye, and not sincerely respected by either; several of the leading Step-toedians in particular treated me with a marked degree of coldness. In fact, I thought one or two squibs in the Lunar Gazette were aimed at me.

The editor of that paper was formerly a Step-heelian; but seeing how matters were likely to go, he made a timely somerset, and came upon his toes. He was, as I said above, rewarded with the lucrative office of Slang-Master-General. He is now a thorough-going Step-toedian; and it is believed by some that he is aiming at the office of Man in the Moon, after the term of the present chief magistrate has expired.

I am, dear sir, ever yours,
PETER PENDERGRASS.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A great many instances of the sagacity and faithfulness of dogs are on record; and an interesting work, entitled *Chiens Celebres*, containing sketches of some of the most remarkable of the canine species, has been published by the French. To the long list of these faithful animals already recorded, perhaps the following is not unworthy to be added. The incident we are about to relate took place a few years since, and was told us by the gentleman who owed his life to the sagacity and faithfulness of the dog.

He was clerk in a country store, in Connecticut, and the dog was accustomed to sleep in his bedroom, which was partitioned off in one corner of the store. It was at a season of the year when country merchants purchase pork of the neighbouring farmers; and in the cellar of the store there were conveniences for trying out lard. Late one evening, after the cellar had been thus occupied, the clerk, supposing all safe, had retired to rest. But very early the next morning he was awakened by the dog, who, contrary to his usual custom, sprang upon the bed where he was sleeping. He licked his face, whined and showed signs of uneasiness! But the young man, having no suspicion that any thing was wrong, and not liking to be disturbed, drove the dog down, covered up his face, and again composed himself to rest.

But in less than a minute the dog again leaped upon the bed, and finding the clerk had covered up his head, he began pulling off the clothes. "Down! down! Carlo," said the clerk, and again pushed him off. But the faithful animal was not to be thus baffled. He whined earnestly, scratched at the door, ran back to the bed, looked imploringly at the young man, and again returned to the door, scratching and whining. Still the clerk not being disposed to rise, he once more sprang upon the bed, and with more violence than before endeavored to pull off the clothes.

Finding he could get no rest and supposing the dog merely wanted to get out, the young man got up and opened the bedroom door; but instead of the dog making for the outer door, he immediately ran to that of the cellar, at which he began scratching and whining more earnestly than ever.

"Can there be thieves in the cellar?" said the young man to himself—"at all events I'll see." He seized the first thing he could lay hold of for defence, and opening the cellar door, he there discovered an enemy more terrible than thieves. The cellar was on fire. It had caught the lard and some other combustibles, and was rapidly approaching some hogsheads of fourth proof brandy. A few pails of water, however, promptly applied, extinguished the flames. The heat had already warped the heading of the hogsheads, and a few minutes more would have sufficed for an explosion. There was also just over the fire a keg of gunpowder.

It was owing alone to the sagacity and faithfulness of the dog, that the store was saved from destruction and the young man from death.

RIDING FOR DYSPEPSIA.

As we said whilom that riding a hard-trotting horse was "the sovereignst i' the world," for the Hyp, so we now take the liberty to declare that riding a gently-trotting or sweetly-cantering horse is the best thing in the world for Dyspepsia. This may sound like a bold assertion, in the very face and eyes of Mr. Halsted's book; but we repeat it, and if any dyspeptical reader of ours has any doubt on the subject, we advise him to make trial of the remedy.

It is not the mere tossing up of the stomach which is required; the whole system must be stirred along with it. The body must be invigorated, the flagging spirits must be roused. The stomach is merely, as it were, a sort of vice-president of the system, and can do but little without the aid of all the parts. If the body in general be vigorous, there is little danger of the stomach being weak. The whole must suffer, or enjoy, together. When the body is strong and active, the stomach is lively and vigorous—ready to do its work, and prepared to digest every thing that the palate delights in, even though it be board nails, boiled cabbage, toasted cheese, hard eggs, or heavy bread.

Exercise in general tends to invigorate the body, and by that means to improve the stomach. But of all kinds of exercise, none is so efficacious as riding on horseback. It stirs the system most judiciously; it excites the bodily action without inducing any injurious fatigue. But wherefore use many words?

Make trial of the remedy, dyspeptics, whoever you are—we mean such as are in want of something more active than your ordinary exercise. Ride a few miles to-day, and see what effect it will produce. Ride again to-morrow in the same way; repeat it the next day; and, in short, keep riding. There is pleasure as well as profit in it. But to have your stomach whipped and cuffed because it is feeble and cannot execute its task, is unkind, is unjust. As well might you chastise a poor sickly boy, because he can not perform the labor of a stout and hearty one.

Get you a gentle but spirited horse—borrow or buy—one that will trot easy, rack fairly, or canter judiciously. A through-going racker will stir your up most completely. But either kind will answer. Ride every day before dinner; ride ten or a dozen miles at a heat. Follow it up; and, depend upon it, you will dine agreeably, sleep comfortably, wake in the morning in better condition and spirits than you have been accustomed to do; and conclude, after all, that this world is not nearly so bad as it might be.

A POLITE CHILD. "How do you do, Jacob?" said a woman to a lad, in this city, the other morning.

"I'm well, I thank you," said the boy.

"How do all your folks do?" said the woman.

"They're all well, I thank you, except dad," replied the boy.

"What's the matter with your dad?" asked the woman.

"He's dead, I thank you," returned the boy—how do you do and all your folks?"

BANK ROBBERY. A man by the name of Edward Smith, was arrested on Saturday night, at a boarding house at the corner of Elm and Broome streets, and upwards of $185,000 of the money, taken from the City bank, found in his trunk. His rather strange demeanor at the boarding house first excited the suspicions of the master and mistress. A man, who gets into difficulty by acting wickedly, seldom escapes by acting wisely—or in other words, the man, who sets out in the character of a rogue, usually ends in that of a fool.

REMARKABLE LOCAL ATTACHMENT. In the churchyard, attached to the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Mott street, is an epitaph which after recording the life, death, and burial of the subject, concludes by saying—"He was born and brought up in Duane street." Now this at first sight seems to be rather a frivolous ending. But it is in reality far otherwise; for everybody, who is the least acquainted in New York, knows that for a person to be born and brought up in the same street, is the most extraordinary thing that could happen. It is generally considered sufficient for any single individual, to be born in one street, to say nothing of the long period it takes in bringing up. This is a most remarkable case, and so it must have been considered by the author of the epitaph. The first of May had passed over the head of the deceased for twenty years or more, and still he was found residing in the same street, wherein he first drew his breath. So wonderful a specimen of attachment to the same place, in opposition to all the customs of the city of New York, can doubtless be accounted for on no other principle than that of phrenology, and is one among the innumerable proofs of the truth of that remarkable science! The organ of *inhabitiveness* must have been, to use a favorite word of a distinguished phrenologist, "tremendeously" developed.

AN INDEPENDENT OYSTERMAN. At many of the oyster cellars in this city, the signs are inscribed with—"Oysters on the Canal Street Plan." But an Irishman, who keeps a cellar near the Chatham Theatre, with a praiseworthy spirit of independence, both in the matter of business and of spelling, has a sign lettered thus:—"*Oysters on my* OWN *Plan, as good as any Plan.*"

RIGHTLY NAMED. A man by the name of John *Sinister*, was on Tuesday convicted of assault and battery in the Court of Sessions.

MAXWELL. We find Maxwell to be a novel of no little interest; and so finding it, have read it with much pleasure—always excepting the following ill-boding bit of prophecy, which Mr. Theodore Hook has inserted, for the purpose of hooking the British gudgeons. Speaking of the United States, he says:—"In less than another century, the immense republic of the present day, must *and will inevitably fall under the dominion of a constitutional monarchy.*"

MASTER BURKE is playing at the Park to the renewed delight of the Theatre-going community.

FAIR PRIZE. Mr. Sylvester, 130 Broadway informs us he sold to a young lady the prize of $10,000 in the last lottery. Combination, No's. 14. 49. 52. She will now doubtless herself be considered a fair prize for some outstanding Benedict.

THE APPRENTICE AND THE GHOST.

Some years ago, there lived in Greenwich street in this city, a tailor, who had two apprentices. Like other young men in similar situations, they were accustomed frequently to pass their evenings about town and to indulge in habits as detrimental to their own health and pockets as to the business of their employer. Their master, from time to time, remonstrated with them on the course they were pursuing, and finally prevailed upon the one to abstain from late hours; with the other, however, his words had no effect.

Jim—for that was the name by which the latter was called—still presisting in his old ways, his brother apprentice resolved upon an experiment to work a reform. With this view, he obtained a pair of breeches and stuffed them with bran till they were as tight as the hide of an hippopotamus, and having affixed to them a coat, hat and shoes, he suspended the figure, one evening when Jim was out, at the head of the first flight of stairs in the hall, and then posted himself in a corner where he could witness the result of his experiment on the mind of his companion.

Late at night the latter came home. The moon had then risen, and her beams slanting down through the sky-light fell upon the figure. No sooner did Jim observe it than he retreated some steps down the stairs—he reconnoitres the figure at a distance and rubs his eyes to ascertain if it is not some optical delusion. At length an idea seemed to strike him and in a low but collected voice, he exclaimed—

"That is some of Sam's work I know."

With these words he advanced boldly up to the figure and laid hold of it by one of the legs; but instead of something of an artificial formation, the leg was round, hard, plump, and elastic as though it was of real flesh and blood. A loud shriek escaped from the affrighted apprentice, and he fainted and fell upon the floor. The other sprung from his hiding place and cut down the figure; no time was to be lost, for should his master come down, there would be some risk of an exposure; and without stopping to relieve his companion, he conveyed the figure to his room and thrust it under the bed. The next moment he was below, where he found both master and mistress rubbing the temples of the half dead apprentice and inquiring of him the cause of his swooning.

"What—what is it—what has happened?" anxiously inquired the tailor's wife.

"Oh dear! I've seen a ghost!"

"A ghost! where is it—where did you see it?" asked the tailor.

"There—there—standing in the moonlight!"

"Nonsense!" said the tailor, "'twas only your own imagination—you have been drinking and you see double; come, rouse up and take yourself to bed."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" sobbed Jim.

With these words the tailor seized hold of the stupified apprentice, and by dint of considerable shaking soon brought him to his senses. The latter having apologised for his conduct, and promised most faithfully never again to alarm the family by coming home so late at night, took his light and hastened to his chamber; but the next minute he returned with horror and consternation depicted in his countenance.

"Oh Lord! Oh Lo-o-r-d!" he exclaimed in a voice trembling with fear.

"Why what is the matter with the boy!" said the tailor's wife—"James, what *is* the matter? I am really afraid, husband, that the boy's head is turned."

"More like his head wants turning," said the tailor somewhat angrily—"the boy is in his cups and sees double."

"What have you seen, Jim," inquired the roguish apprentice, who was the only one of the group who understood the cause of his fear—"was it a ghost?"

"Oh dear! 'tis the same apprigotion I saw in the hall here—'tis under my bed—I saw it as plain as day."

"Well then you shall go up to your room and show it to me," said the the tailor.

"O Lord! I would'nt for the world. Sam will go, he has no sins to repent of, and aint afraid of ghosts."

Our knight of the shears accompanied by his apprentice, forthwith sallied to the spot. The door was wide open, and true enough, from beneath the bed in the room they beheld projecting the legs apparently of a man. The tailor was now really frightened—he feared some robber who had designs on his person or his property had got into his house and had taken this method to secrete himself. Terror kept him from advancing beyond the threshold of the door—while his desire to expel the robber prevented his retreating. In this dilemma, he urged Sam forward, who now saw that his trick was likely to be exposed.

"Go along Sammy—go along, you aint afraid—catch hold of his legs and pull him out here and I will baste him."

There was no alternative, and the reluctant apprentice rushed forward and drew forth the figure from under the bed—but the moment his master saw it he turned and fled down stairs. The next moment the figure was conveyed by Sam to his own room and snugly ensconsed under his own bed clothes—he then ran to a window and having opened, it he went below and reported that the figure under the bed had escaped by jumping therefrom. The mystery from that day was never cleared up—the tailor believed that it was nothing less than a robber or a murderer—his wife had no belief at all on the subject except that it was all a hoax, while to the mind of Jim, it was as clear as preaching, that the object he that night saw was a real ghost, that presented itself to warn him against his bad habits and late hours. A reform soon took place, and he is now as flourishing a merchant tailor as there is in the whole city. D.

A countryman from up the river happened, a few days since, to obtain admission, during the absence of the landlady, at one of the most fashionable boarding houses in the city. Her consternation may readily be imagined, when, on her return, she learnt what had happened—the reputation of her establishment depended almost entirely upon its being genteel, and to admit a countryman at her table would be hardly less fatal than to admit the small-pox—but there was no remedy for the evil, and she was forced to submit to it.

At breakfast and dinner our countryman conducted himself, without incurring the censure of his landlady—there was a plenty of meat on the table and he partook of it plentifully, but at tea the case was quite different. Every body who has been in the country knows that the supper table, which answers to the tea-table in the city, is crowded not only with cakes and pies, but with various dishes of meat and potatoes. Our countryman looked in vain for these things on the table of his landlady—nothing met his eye but a couple of plates of thin slices of buttered bread, and with these he was forced to content his appetite. Just as he was eating the last piece of bread, the waiter placed upon the table a plate of sugar-cakes, but at some distance from our countryman, who mistaking them for something more substantial, exclaims to his neighbor,

"I'll thank you for them are fried potatoes, sir."

The words caught the ears of mine hostess,

"Fried potatoes!" she cried—"fried potatoes! sir, I'd have you know I don't allow such messes on my table."

"Well now, I beg your pardon, marm," said the countryman, "I declare I thought they were fried potatoes!" D.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

How to get a Pension. We find the following in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, and translate it for our general readers. The interlocutors are supposed to be the commissioner at the office established in Paris to grant pensions for those whose relations were killed or wounded in the *three days*, and a woman, who requires the service of the commissioner. U. S. Gazette.

This is the *commission* then, is it?

Yes, my fine woman. What do you want?

I have come for a pension.

What pension?

The pension of the victims of the three immortal days.

You have then lost some of your family, perhaps your husband?

Alas, I have been a widow for eleven years and a half.

Your son, then?

You are right; it is my boy whom I have lost.

On which day?

I tell you he was the victim of the three immortal days, the 27th, 28th and 29th of July.

I understand you; but on which of those days did you lose him?

Are you possessed?—— saying my respects to you. I tell you it was on the three immortal days, the 27th, 28th and 29th of July.

Come. I see it is necessary for me to take another course to be understood. What did your son do on the 27th of July.

On the 27th? He ate his breakfast, and went out to walk all day, and did not return until it was time to go to bed.

It was not then on the 27th of July—and on the 28th?

On the 28th he ate his breakfast very early, and went out leaving word that he was going to see what they were doing at the Cole de la Greve.

The poor boy then got killed *there?*

O no, for he came back to supper.

Well, did he go out after supper?

No; after supper he went to bed.

Well then on the 29th?

On the 29th—But I must tell you that when he had gone to bed on the evening of the 28th I took his pantaloons and hid them, to prevent his going out the next day.

O, then, he did not go out on the 29th?

I beg your pardon, but he did go out, nevertheless.

Without his pantaloons? Come now, the boy would not have gone out naked.

Really, I don't know where he got the pantaloons, but when he came in at two o'clock, he was dressed as usual.

Ah! then he did come in at two o'clock, but what did he do afterwards?

He ate his soup and left me, saying he was going to fight for liberty.

After that?

Since that I have not set my eyes on him.

Then it was on the evening of the 29th that you lost your son?

Precisely.

And you have no other information, no certificates?

No.

But your declaration is not sufficient.

Not sufficient, indeed. I have lost my son in the three immortal days, the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, and am to have no pension! They are going to cheat me.

Be calm, good woman, you shall have justice; but we must have some proofs, for is it not barely possible that your son, instead of being killed for liberty, might have left Paris?

Quit Paris! Not so; I'm right sure he hasn't quit Paris, because some one met him the *Sunayd after* in the Tuilleries, when he told one of our neighbors that he did not mean to come back.

O, then he is not dead?

I didn't not tell you he *was* dead—but I *lost* him, nevertheless.

Master Burke. In a notice of this astonishing young actor, Willis, of the American Monthly Magazine, concludes with the following anecdotes.

Lastly, it is Burke—the comedian, tragedian, musician—Burke, the prodigy—*cast* upon a handsled. The young Roscius enters into the use of this undignified article with a spirit that does one's heart good. His father looked a long time for him, the other afternoon, to dress in the Merchant of Venice. It was growing dusk, but Shylock was not to be seen. He was at last found coasting, with a corps of playmates about him, utterly forgetful of his bond. 'Is this the law? Well, give me one more course—only one,' said the inexorable Jew. His repuest was granted, and he then suffered himself to be lead peaceably to the green-room. On another occasion, as he and his 'company' were lawlessly sliding from the drifts in the street down upon the side-walk, they unconsciously annoyed a female passenger. 'You will be fined boys,' said the lady. 'Well, drive on,' shouted Burke, 'I'll pay the fine'—and down he went, with the whole detachment tumbling after him. He is understood to have told the manager, that if his sled were not taken up stairs, he really couldn't patronise the house."

Gray hairs no Protection!—A veteran soldier who had received his semi-annual pension in this city, a few days since, and was returning home, stopped for the night at Gibson's Tavern, Cambridgeport. At the same house appeared also a lad who represented himself as entirely destitute of money, and dependent upon charity for a single meal. The feeling old soldier pitied his necessities, generously paid for his supper and lodging, and went to bed in the same room. In the morning he found the ungrateful boy had robbed him of his forty eight dollars, being all the money he had, and taken French leave. The landlord, greatly to his credit, on being apprised of the villany, immediately set off in pursuit, and succeeded in apprehending the rogue in Boston, at the moment of his stepping into a coach for Providence.

Boston Traveller.

Making sure of a Prize. A colored gentleman of some standing in the fashionable walks, lately entered one of the lottery offices in this city, and after much twisting and turning, purchased a ticket in the next State Lottery. He shortly afterwards returned to the office in high dudgeon, exclaiming:

"Dis de way you 'pose upon honest folks arter dey pay you like gemplin? I want you to gin me my money back—I show dis 'ere ticket to some gemplin ob your complexion, and dey say him no de right number—he no draw de Prize." "Well—what number which gwoin to draw de five thousand dollars—for why you no gib him to me fusser?" Baltimore Minerva.

Anecdote. As an illustration of the forbearance of the troops on the second of the memorable "three days in Paris," the following incident is related, which we copy from an article in the last Quarterly Review:—"A shop-keeper, near the Boulevard, came from his house, and, taking deliberate aim, fired on one of the mounted officers, who was at the head of the party—he missed him and run off, but, as soon as he had reloaded his gun, returned, and again fired and again missed; upon which the officer rode up to him, and instead of cutting him down, as might have been expected, he said to him quietly, 'Now, my friend, you have shown that you are but a bad marksman; had you not better stick to your shop?'"

A family near Somerton are now consuming a Cheddar cheese, thirty years old, and which is quite sound and good. The circumstance which occasioned its being kept so long, is the following: About thirty years ago, a farmer went up stairs and found his wife examining her stock of cheese, and, on asking what she was about, received for reply that she was looking out a cheese to be eat at her funeral. Well says the husband, if that is the case, I might as well look out one for mine also. The wife died a few years ago, and the husband a few weeks since. All who have tasted this aged cheese speak of its excellence. Bath Journal.

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect; our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us.

From the London Junevile Forget-me-not.

THE TRAVELLING TIN-MAN.

FOUNDED ON FACT.—BY MISS LESLIE.

Micajah Warner was owner and cultivator of a small farm in one of the oldest, most fertile, and most beautiful counties of Pennsylvania, not far from the Maryland line. Micajah was a plain Quaker, and a man of quiet and primitive habits. He was totally devoid of all ambitious cravings after tracts of ten thousand acres, and he aspired not to the honor and glory of having his name given to a town in the western wilderness, (though *Warnerville* would not have sounded badly,) neither was he possessed of an unconquerable desire of becoming a judge, or of going to Congress. Therefore he had always been able to resist the persuasions and example of those of his neighbors, who left the home of their fathers, and the comforts of an old settlement, to seek a less tedious road to wealth and consequence, on the other side of the Allegany. He was satisfied with the possession of two hundred acres, one half of which he had lent (not given) to his son Israel, who expected shortly to be married to a very pretty and notable young woman in the neighborhood, who was, however, no heiress.

Upon this event, Israel was to be established in an old frame house that had long been abandoned by his father, in favor of the substantial stone dwelling which the family occupied at the period of our story. The house had been taken up and transplanted to that part of the farm now allotted to Israel, and he very prudently deferred repairing it till he saw whether it survived its progress across the domain. But as it did not fall asunder during the journey, it was judged worthy of a new front-door, new window panes, and new shingles to cover the vast chasms of the roof; all which improvements were made by Israel's own hands. The house was deposited in the vicinity of the upper branch of the creek, and conveniently near to a saw-mill which had been built by Israel in person.

Like the rest of her sect, whether in town or country, Bulah, the wife of Micajah Warner, was a woman of even temper, untiring industry, and great skill in housewifery. Her daughters, commonly called Amy and Orphy, were neat pretty little Quaker girls, extremely alert, and accustomed from their earliest childhood, to assist in the work of the house. As her daughters were so handy and industrious, and only went half the year to school, Mrs. Warner did not think it necessary to keep any other *help* than an indented negro girl, named Cloe.

Except the marriage of Israel, which was now in prospect; a flood in the neighboring creek, which had raised the water so high as to wash away the brick oven from the side of the house; a tornado that carried off the roof of the old stable, and landed it whole in an adjoining clover-field; and a visit from a family of beggars, (an extraordinary phenomenon in the country,) nothing occurred among the Warners for a long succession of years that had occasioned more than a month's talk of the mother, and a month's listening of the children. "They kept the evening tenor of their way." The occupations of Israel and his father (assisted occasionally by a few hired men) were of course, those of the farm, except when Israel took a day, now and then, to attend at his saw-mill.

With regard to domestic arrangements, every thing connected with household affairs went on in the same course year after year, except that, as the daughters of the family improved in capability of work, Cloe (the black girl) retrograded. They washed on Monday, (with the assistance of a woman hired for the day,) ironed on Tuesday, performed what they called "the little baking," on Wednesday, and "the big baking," on Friday, cleaned the house on Saturday, and clear-starched their book muslin collars; rode on horse-back to Friend's meeting on Sunday morning, and visited their neighbors on Sunday afternoon.

It was the day after the one on which Israel and his bride elect had passed meeting, and consequently, a month before the one fixed for the wedding, that something like an adventure fell among the Warner family.

It was a beautiful evening at the close of August. The father and son had been all day in the meadows, mowing the second crop of grass; Mrs. Warner was darning stockings in the porch, with her two daughters knitting on the bench beside her; Amy being then fourteen, and Orphy about twelve. Cloe was absent, having been borrowed by a relation, about five miles off, to do the general work of the house, while the family were engaged in preparing for a quilting frolic.

"Come girls," said Mrs. Warner, to her daughters, "it's just sun down. The geese are coming home, and daddy and Israel will soon be here. Amy, do thee go down to the spring-house and bring up the milk and butter; and Orphy, thee can set the table."

The two girls put up their knitting, (not however, till they had knit in the middle of the needle,) and in a short time, Amy was seen coming back from the spring-house, with a large pitcher of milk and a plate of butter. In the meantime, Orphy had drawn out the ponderous claw-footed walnut table that stood all summer in the porch, and spread over it a brown linen cloth, placed in regular order their every-day supper equipage of pewter plates, earthen porringers and iron spoons.

The viands consisted of an immense round loaf of bread, nearly as large as a grindstone, and made of wheat and Indian meal, the half of a large cheese, a piece of cold pork, and a peach pie, and an apple-pie; and, as it had been baking-day, there was the customary addition of a rice-pudding, in an earthen pan of stupendous size. The last finish of the decorations of the table was a large bowl of cool water, placed near the seat occupied by the father of the family, who could never begin any of his meals without a copious draught of the pure element.

In a few minutes the farmer and his son made their appearance as they turned the angle of the peach-orchard fence, preceded by the geese, their usual avant-couriers, who went out every morning to feed in an old field beyond the meadows.

As soon as Micajah and Israel had hung up their scythes, and washed themselves at the pump, they sat down to table; the farmer in his own blue-painted, high-backed, high-armed chair, and Israel taking the seat always allotted to him, a low chair, the rushes of which having long since deserted the bottom, had been re-placed by cross-pieces of cloth listing, ingeniously interwoven with each other; and this being, according to the general opinion, the worst seat in the house, always fell to the share of the young man, who was usually passive on all occasions, and never seemed to consider himself entitled to the same accommodation as the rest of the family.

Suddenly the shrill blast of a tin trumpet resounded through the woods that covered the hill in front of the house, to the great disturbance of the geese, who had settled themselves quietly for the night in their usual bivouac around the ruins of an old wagon.—The Warners ceased their supper to listen and look; and they saw emerging from the woods, and rattling down the hill at a brisk trot, the cart of one of those itinerant tin merchants, who originate in New-England, and travel from one end of the Union to the other, avoiding the cities, and seeking customers among the country people; who, besides buying their ware, always invite them to a meal and a bed.

The tin-man came blowing his horn to the steps of the porch, and there stopping his cart, addressed the farmer's wife in the true nasal twang that characterizes the lower class of New-Englanders, and inquired "if she had any notion of a bargain." She replied that "she believed she had no occasion for any thing;" her customary answer to all such questions. But Israel, who looked into futurity, and entertained views towards his own house-keeping, stepped forward to the tin-cart, and began to take down and examine various mugs, pans, kettles, and coffee-pots—the latter particularly, as he had a passion for coffee, which he secretly determined to indulge in, both morning and evening, as soon as he was settled in his domicil.

"Mother," said Amy, "I do wish thee would buy a new coffee-pot, for our's has been leaking all summer, and I have to stop it every morning with rye meal. Thee knows we can give the old one to Israel."

"To be sure," replied Mrs. Warner, "it will do well enough for young beginners. But I cannot say I feel quite free to buy a new coffee-pot at this time. I must consider about it."

"And there's the cullender," said Orphy, "it has a big crack at the bottom, that when I am smashing the squashes for dinner, not only the water, but the squashes themselves drip through. Better give it to Israel, and get a new one for ourselves."

"What's this?" she continued, taking up a water-dipper.

"That's for dipping water out of the bucket," replied the tin-man.

"Oh, yes," cried Amy, "I've seen such a one at Rachel Johnson's. What a clever thing it is! with a good long handle, so that there's no danger of splashing the water on our clothes. Do buy it, mother. Thee knows that Israel can have the big calabash: I patched it myself, yesterday, where it was broken, and bound the edge with new tape, and it's now as good as ever."

"I don't know," said the farmer, "that we want any thing but a new lantern, for ours had the socket burnt out long before these moon-light nights, and its dangerous work taking a candle into the stable."

The tin-man knowing that our plain old farmers, though extremely liberal of every thing that is produced on their plantations, are, frequently, very tenacious of coin, and much averse to parting with actual money, recommended his wares, more on account of their cheapness, than their goodness; and in fact, the price of most of the articles was two or three cents lower than they could be purchased for at the stores.

Old Micajah thought there was no absolute necessity for any thing except the lantern; but his daughters were so importunate for the coffee-pot, the cullender, and the water-dipper, that, finally, all three were purchased and paid for. The tin-man in vain endeavored to prevail on Mrs. Warner to buy some large patty-pans, which the girls looked at with longing eyes; and he reminded them how pretty the pumpkin pies would look at their next quilting, baked in scollop-edged tins. But this purchase was peremptorily refused by the good quaker woman; alleging that scollop-edged pies were all pride and vanity; and that, if properly made, they were quite good enough baked in round plates.

The travelling merchant then produced divers boxes and phials of quack medicines, prepared at a celebrated manufactory of those articles, and duly sealed with the maker's own seal, and inscribed with his name in his own hand-writing. Among these he said, "there were certain cures for every complaint in natur; drops for the agur, the tooth-ache, and the rheumatiz; salves for ring-worms, corns, frost-bitten heels, and sore eyes; besides that most valuable of all physic, Swaim's Wormifuge."

The young people exclaimed with one accord against the purchase of any of the medicines; and, that business being over, the tin-man was invited by the farmer to sit down and take supper with the family—an invitation as freely accepted as given.

The twilight was now closing, but the full-moon had risen, and afforded sufficient light for the supper table in the porch. The tin-man took a seat, and before Mrs. Warner had finished her usual invitation to strangers of—"reach to, and help thyself; we are poor hands at inviting, but thee's welcome to it, such as it is"—he had already cut himself a huge piece of the cold pork, and an enormous slice of bread. He next poured out a porringer of milk, to which he afterwards added one-third of the peach pie, and several plates full of rice-pudding. He then said, "I suppose you hav'nt got no cider about the house;" and Israel, at his father's desire, immediately brought up a pitcher of that liquor from the cellar.

During supper, the tin-man entertained his entertainers with anecdotes of the roguery of his own countrymen, or rather, as he called them, his "statesmen." In his opinion of their general dishonesty, Mrs. Warner most cordially joined. She related a story of an itinerant Yankee, who persuaded her to empty some of her pillows and bolsters, under color of exchanging with him old feathers for new—a thing which she acknowledged had puzzled her not a little, as she thought it strange that any man should bargain so badly for himself. He produced from his cart a bag of feathers which he declared were quite new; but after his departure she found that he had given her such short measure that she had not half enough to fill her ticking, and most of the feathers were proved upon examination, to have belonged to chickens, rather than to geese—nearly a whole cock's tail having been found amongst them.

The farmer pointed into the open door of the house, and showed the tin-man a large wooden clock, put up without a case between two windows, the pendulum and the weights being "exposed and bare." This clock he had bought for ten dollars, of a Yankee who had set out to supply the country with these machines. It had only kept tolerable time for about two months, and had ever since been getting faster and faster, though it was still faithfully wound up every week. The hands were now going merrily round at the rate of ten miles an hour, and it never struck less than twelve.

The Yankee tin-man, with a candor that excited the admiration of the whole family, acknowledged that his statesmen were the greatest rogues "on the face of the yearth;" and recounted instances of their trickery that would have startled the belief of any, but the inexperienced and credulous people who were now listening to him. He told, for example, of sausages being brought to market in the eastern towns, that when purchased, and prepared for trying, were found to be filled with chopped turnip and shreds of flannel.

For once, thought the Warners, we have found an honest Yankee.

They sat a long while at the table, and though the tin-man seemed to talk all the time he was eating, the quantity of victuals that he caused to disappear, surprised even Mrs. Warner, accustomed as she was, to the appetite of Israel.

When the Yankee had at last completed his supper, the farmer invited him to stay all night; but he replied, "that it was moon-shiny, and fine cool travellin after a warm day, he preferred putting on towards Maryland as soon as his creature was rested, and had a feed."

He then, without more ceremony, led his horse and cart into the barn-yard, and stopping near the stable door, fed the animal by the light of the moon, and carried him a bucket of water from the pump.

The girls being reminded by their mother it was late, and that the cows had long since come home, they took their pails and went out to milk, while she washed up the supper things. While they were milking the subsequent dialogue took place between them.

Orphy. I know it's not right to notice strangers, and to be sure the man is welcome, but, Amy, did thee ever see any body take victuals like this Yankee?

Amy. Yes, but he did'nt eat all he took, for I saw him slip a great chunk of bread and cheese into his pocket, and then a big piece of pie, while he was talking and making us laugh.

Orphy. Well, I think a man must be very badly off to do such a thing. I wonder he did not ask for victuals to take away with him. He need not have been afraid. He must know that victuals is no object. And then he has travelled the road long enough to be sure that he can get a meal for nothing at any house he stops at, as all the tin-men do. He must have seen us looking at his eating so much, and may be his pride is hurt, and so he's made up his mind, all of a sudden, to take his meals no more at people's houses.

Amy. Then why can't he stop at a tavern, and pay for his victuals?

Orphy. May-be he don't want to spend his money in that trifling way. Who knows but he is saving it to help an old mother, or to buy back land, or something of that sort? I'll be bound he calculates upon eating nothing to-morrow but what he slipped off from our table.

Amy. All he took will not last him a day. It's a pity of him, any how.

Orphy. I wish he had not been too bashful to ask for victuals to take with him.

Amy. And still he did not strike me at all as a bashful man.

Orphy. Suppose we were just in a private way to put some victuals into his cart for him, without letting him know any thing about it? Let's hide it among the tins, and how glad he'll be when he finds it to-morrow!

Amy. So we will; that's an excellent notion! I never pitied any body so much since the day the beggars came, which was five years ago last harvest, for I have kept count ever since; and I remember it as well as if it was yesterday.

Orphy. We don't know what a hard thing it is to want victuals, as the Irish schoolmaster used to tell us, when he saw us emptying pans of milk into the pig-trough, and turning the cows into the orchard to eat the heaps of apples laying under the trees.

Amy. Yes, and it must be much worse for an American to want victuals, than for the people from the old countries who are used to it.

After they had finished their milking, and strained and put away the milk, the kind-hearted little girls proceeded to accomplish their benevolent purpose. They took from the large wire safe in the cellar a pie, a loaf of bread, and a piece of cheese; and putting them into a basket, they went to the barn yard, intending to tell their mother as soon as the tin-man was gone, and not for a moment doubting her approval, since in the house of an American farmer, victuals, as Orphy justly observed, was no object.

As they approached the barn yard, they saw by the light of the moon, the Yankee coming away from his cart and returning to the house. The girls crouched down behind the garden fence till he had passed, and then cautiously proceeded on their errand. They went to the back of the cart, intending to deposit their provisions, when they were startled at seeing something evidently alive, moving behind the round opening of the linen cover; and in a moment the head of a little black child peeped out of the hole.

The girls were so surprised that they stopped short and could not utter a word, and the young negro, evidently afraid of being seen, immediately popped down its head among the tins.

"Amy, did thee see that?"—asked Orphy, in a low voice.

"Yes, I did so," replied Amy; "what can the Yankee be doing with that little neger, and why does he hide it? Let's go and ask the child."

"No, no!" exclaimed Orphy, "the tin-man will be angry."

"And who cares if he is?" said Amy—"he has done something he is ashamed of, and we need not be afraid of him."

They then went quite close to the back of the cart, and Amy said, "Here, little snow-ball shew thyself and speak; and do not be afraid, for nobody's going to hurt thee."

"How did thee come in this cart?" asked Orphy; "and why does the Yankee hide thee? Tell us all about it, and be sure not to speak above thy breath."

The black child again peeped out of the hole, and looking cautiously around, said, "Are you quite sure the naughty man won't hear us?"

"Quite sure," answered Amy, "but is thee a boy or girl?"

"I'm a little gal," replied the child; and with the characteristic volubility of her race she continued, "and my name's Dinah, and I'm five years old, and my daddy and mammy are free colored people, and they lives a big piece off, and daddy works out, and mammy sells ginger-bread and molasses-beer, and we have a sign over the door with a bottle and a cake on it."

Amy. But how did this man get hold of thee, if thy father and mother are free people? Thee can't be bound to him, or he need not hide thee.

Dinah. O, I know I an't bound to him—I expect he stole me.

Amy. Stole thee! What here in the free state of Pennsylvany?

Dinah. I was out picking huckleberries in the woods up the road, and I strayed off a big piece from home. Then the tin-man comed along, driving his cart, and I run close to the road-side to look, as I always does when any body goes by. So he told me to come into his cart, and he would give me a tin mug to put my huckleberries in, and I might chuse it myself, and it would hold them a heap better than my old Indian basket. So I was very glad, and he lifted me up into the cart, and I choosed the very best and biggest tin mug he had, and emptied my huckleberries into it. And then he told me he'd give me a ride in his cart, and then he set me far back on a box, and he whipped his creatur, and druv and druv, and jolted me so that I tumbled all down among the tins. And then he picked me up, and tied me fast with his handkercher to one

of the back posts of the cart, to keep me steady he said. And then, for all I was steady, I couldn't help crying, and I wanted him to take me home to daddy and mammy. But he only sniggered at me, and said he wouldn't, and bid me hush ; and then he got mad, and because I couldn't hush up just in a minute, he whipped me quite smart.

Orphy. Poor little thing!

Dinah. And then I got frightened, for he put on a wicked look, and said he'd kill me dead if I cried any more or made the least bit of noise. And so he has been carrying me along in his cart for two days and two nights, and he makes me hide away all the time, and he won't let nobody see me. And I hate him, and yesterday, when I know'd he didn't see me, I spit on the crown of his hat.

Amy. Hush!—thee must never say thee hates any body.

Dinah. At night I sleeps upon the bag of feathers ; and when he stops any where to eat, he comes sneaking to the back of the cart, only when there's nobody to see me, and he won't let me sing even when I want to. And I moan most when I think of my daddy and mammy, and how they are wondering what has become of me ; and I think moaning does no good, only he stops me short.

Amy. Now, Orphy, what's to be done?—The tin-man has of course kidnapped this black child to take her into Maryland, where he can sell her for a good price ; as she is a fat, healthy-looking thing, and that is a slave state. Does thee think we ought to let him take her off?

Orphy. No, indeed! I think I could feel free to fight for her myself—that is, if fighting was not forbidden by Friends. Yonder's Israel coming to turn the cows into the clover-field. Little girl, lay quiet and don't offer to show thyself.

Israel now advanced—"Well, girls," said he, "what's thee doing at the tin-man's cart? Not meddling among the tins, I hope? Oh, the curiosity of women-folks!"

"Israel," said Amy, "step softly—we have something to show thee."

The girls then lifted up the corner of the cart cover, and displayed the little negro-girl, crouched upon the bag of feathers—a part of his merchandise which the Yankee had not thought it expedient to produce, after hearing Mrs. Warner's anecdote of one of his predecessors.

The young man was much amazed, and his two sisters both began at once to relate to him the story of the black child. Israel looked almost indignant. His sisters said to him, "To be sure we won't let the Yankee carry this child off with him."

"I judge we won't," answered Israel.

"Then," said Amy, "let us take her out of the cart, and hide her in the barn or somewhere till he has gone."

"No," replied Israel, "I can't say I feel free to do that. It would be too much like stealing her over again ; and I've no notion of evening myself to a Yankee in any of his ways. Put her down in the cart and let her alone. I'll have no underhanded work about her. Let's all go back to the house ; mother has got down all the broken crockery from the top shelf in the corner cupboard, and the Yankee's mending it with a sort of stuff like sticks of sealing-wax, that he carries about *him* ; and I dare say he'll get her to pay him more for it than the things are worth. But say nothing."

The girls cautioned Dinah not to let the tin-man know that they had discovered her, and to keep herself perfectly quiet ; and they then accompanied their brother to the house, feeling very fidgetty and uneasy.

They found the table covered with old bowls, old tea-pots, old sugar-dishes, and old pitchers ; whose fractures the Yankee was cementing together, while Mrs. Warner held the candle, and her husband viewed the operation with great curiosity.

"Israel," said his mother, as he entered, "this friend is making the china as good as new, only that we can't help seeing the join ; and we are going to give all the mended things to thee."

The Yankee having finished his work and been paid for it, said it was high time for him to be about starting, and he must go and look after his cart. He accordingly left the house for that purpose ; and Israel, looking out at the end window, exclaimed, "I see he's not coming round to the house again ; but he's going to try the short cut into the back road. I'll go and see that he puts up the bars after him."

Israel went out, and his sisters followed him to see the tin-man off.

The Yankee came to the bars, leading his horse with the cart, and found Israel there before him.

"Are you going to let down the bars for me?" said the tin-man.

"No," replied Israel, "I'm not going to be so polite; but I intend to see that thee does not take away any thing that does not belong to thee!"

"That does not belong to me!" said the tin-man with a menacing look, raising his whip; but the fearless young quaker having consign the little girl to his sisters, who held her between them, immediately broke a stick from a tree that grew near, and stood on the defensive with a most steadfast look of calm resolution.

The Yankee went close up to him, brandishing his whip ; but before he had time to strike, Israel with the utmost coolness, and with great strength and dexterity, seized him by the collar, and swinging him round to some distance, flung him to the ground with such force as to stun him, saying, "Mind I don't call myself a fighting character, but if thee offers to get up I shall feel free to keep thee down."

The tin-man began to move, and the girls ran shrieking to the house for their father, dragging with them the little black girl, whose screams (as in usual with all of her color) were the loudest of the loud.

In an instant the stout old farmer was at the side of his son, and notwithstanding the struggles of the Yankee, they succeeded by main force in conveying him to the stable, into which they fastened him for the night.

Early next morning, Israel and his father went to the nearest magistrate for a warrant and a constable, and were followed home by half the township. The county court was then in session; the tin-man was tried, and convicted of having kidnapped a free black child, with the design of selling her as a slave in one of the Southern States; and he was punished by fine and imprisonment.

The Warner family would have felt more compassion for him than they did, only that all the mended china fell apart again the next day, and his tins were so badly soldered that all their bottoms came out before the end of the month.

Mrs. Warner declared that she had done with Yankee tin-men forever, and in short with all other Yankees. But the store-keeper, Philip Thompson, who was the sensible man of the neighborhood, and took two Philadelphia newspapers, convinced her that some of the best and greatest men America can boast of, were natives of the New-England States. And he even asserted that in the course of his life (and his age did not exceed sixty-seven) he had met with no less than five *perfectly* honest Yankee tin-men; and besides being honest, two of them were not in the least impudent.—Among the latter, however, he did not of course included a very handsome fellow, that a few years since made the tour of the United States with his tin-cart, calling himself the Boston Beasty, and wearing his own minature round his neck.

To conclude—an advertisement having been inserted in several of the papers, to designate where Dinah the little black girl was to be found, and the tin-man's trial having also been noticed in the public prints in about a fortnight her father and mother (two very decentfree negroes) arrived to claim her; having walked all the way from their cottage at the extremity of the next county. They immediately identified her, and the meeting was most joyful to them and to her. They told at full length every particular of their anxious search after their child, which was ended by a gentleman bringing a newspaper to their house, containing the welcome intelligence that she was safe at Micajah Warner's.

Amy and Orphy were desirous of retaining little Dinah in the family, and as the child's parents seemed very willing, the girls urged their mother to keep her instead of Cloe, who, they said, could very easily be made over to Israel. But to the astonishment of the whole family, Israel on this occasion proved refractory, declaring that he would not allow his wife to be plagued by such an imp as Cloe, and that he chose to have little Dinah himself, if her parents would bind her to him till she was eighteen. This affair was soon satisfactorily arranged.

Israel was married at the appointed time, and took possession of the house near the sawmill. He prospered; and in a few years was able to buy a farm of his own, and to build a stone house on it. Dinah turned out extremely well, and the Warner family still talk of the night when she was discovered in the cart of *the travelling tin-man*.

Conundrums. Why are the ladies like stage drivers?—Because they generally secure the *mails*.

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man?—Because it is *down in the mouth*.

When is a door not a door?—When it is *a jar*.

Why is a flourishing landlord sure to have plenty of relations?—Because he must have *ten-ants*.

Why is a man about to put his father in a sack, like a travellor on his way to a city in Asia?—Because he is going to *bag-dad*.

Why is a tailor like a woodcock?—He has a long bill.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark?—On the head.

SONG.

BY A DIFFIDENT MAN.

Oh, tis a fact, I'm a diffident man,
For I start at the sight of a belt or a curl,
And I stammer as badly as any one can
When I try to converse with a g—g—g—

Give me a sight of a damsel afar,
And I wish that I could but just handle her [glove;
But when I come near, so bewitching girls are,
I never can talk about l—l—l—

Love I would talk, the next time we should meet,
And a thousand most excellent things I have [planned,
But my awe stricken eye would drop down to [her feet,
And I dared not to touch her white h—h—h—

Honest I was and most ardent no doubt,
And my face must have imaged it well;
For somehow or other she found it all out—
The thing which I never could t—t—t—!

Chorus.—Then here's to our diffident friend who [has sung
And let every suitor, moreover,
Put as much of a clog on his t—t—t—,—
'Twill make him a fortunate lover!

Little Gentleman.

It is said that the Poles of the provinces of ancient Poland, who are residing in Paris, are to place at the disposal of the Polish Government considerable sums.

[For the Constellation.]

SKY PARLOUR, March 30th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, yet I take the liberty of addressing you thus familiarly, from my long acquaintance with your writings. I have a wrinkle at each corner of my mouth, and a dimple in each cheek, occasioned by frequent indulgences in fits of laughter over your innumerable jokes and crack stories. Think not I address you in a strain of flattery—I do but speak the words of truth and soberness, as I hope to be the father of a true pun. I am slightly acquainted with your *fac totum*, or sub agent;—or, in other words, the Devil, which doth somewhat embolden me to appear before you in my present garb. The manner in which I became acquainted with that inky personage, was after the following fashion. I was one Saturday evening on my way up your office stairs, thinking of the probable quantity of fun contained in the yet wet number of the Constellation, with a preparatory grin on my phiz, when down came a pail of printer's ink, diluted with water, directly upon my sconce, accompanied with the ominous words "take care, sir!" The warning came too late—I turned a backward somerset of some ten feet, and experienced a new and bewildering sensation in my head, which I was utterly unable to account for. The scene, however, was of short duration. I recovered my composure—the "gentleman in black" stamaered an apology, which I replied to with a "powerful grist" of fashionable epithets, and returned home to perform divers ablutions, and disguise myself in a clean dress. It is enough to say that the adventure has left an indelible stain both upon my clothes, and the character of your imp. The introduction, although a singular one, has been productive of some benefits, and I now presume upon my slight acquaintance with one so near your honored body, (as well as with your writings,) to greet you with a friendly *my dear sir*.

You have probably ere this discovered your imp's propensity for punning, and uttering conundrums. Like his illustrious name-sake, Billy Black, "he loves a conundrum." Even when I was in the sad pickle above mentioned, he could not restrain from giving vent to one, taking my unlucky self for his subject. Quoth he, "Why are you like a long story written for our paper? D'ye you give it up? Because you are crowded out by a press of matter." I was incensed with the fellow for sporting thus with my misfortunes, but forgave him, for his wit. I have since become more intimate with him, and find him a youth "of infinite jest and humor." I one day warned him against being so noisy—with his finger upon his nose he replied, "why is a noisy Pig like a Kentuckian? D'ye give it up? Because he's a ring-tail roarer." Before I had finished my laugh, he was ready again, and with a face of immoveable gravity, edifying to behold, cried "why was the late Eclipse like the father of the learned Pig? D'ye give it up? Because it was a great bore." I refused to laugh at such a coarse joke, and the sensitive youth was silenced: In my heart, I hoped for another, to finish the mystical number, but he continued as speechless, and as grave, as an owl in daylight. Thinks I, I will try *my* hand at it—so I popped the question, "why is old Hays, receiving the reward from the City Bank, like a tooth drawer? D'ye give it up?" But ere I could finish he was ready with his reply—"because he touches the tender!" The quick witted youth took the very words out of my mouth—I'll not forgive him:—to spoil so capital a conundrum! I didn't speak to him again for four and twenty hours, hoping to mortify him by my distant manner. I had reckoned without my host. The next time I came into the office, he taps me on the shoulder with "why is a pickled herring like the President of the Tradesmen's Bank? D'ye give it up?—Because he is Preserved Fish"—which was so entirely unexpected that my anger melted away beneath its influence, and we shook hands forgivingly. I accused him one day of stealing from Billy Black:—he indignantly repelled the idea, and said that although he admired both the person and the works of his honored namesake, yet he never stole from him, or any one else. I smiled at his earnestness, withdrew the charge, and begged of him a conundrum. "Why," said he, "is Billy Black like the enemies of Great Britain? D'ye give it up? Because he abuses the King's English." I grumbled at so poor an attempt, and told him to try again. He was thoughtful for a moment—suddenly his eye twinkled, as if to say, "I have you now," and gave for answer, "why is a *poet* like a mud-hole? D'ye give it up? Because decent people avoid him." Gods! now I was roiled—for you know I am a bit of a poet myself, and pride myself upon moving in "good society." It nettled me exceedingly, that such a lousy looking little scapegrace, all bedabbled with ink as he was, should presume to cast a slur upon one of my pretensions. I made some slight movement towards castigating the youth, when he laid his hand upon mine, with "Hold! why is a poet like an alderman? D'ye give it up?"—this somewhat soothed my ire, being likened to *an alderman*, and smoothing down my vest with both hands, I cast about for an answer. "D'ye give it up?" quoth he, "Because he generally *lives high*." Confound the little rascal! I had it in mind to floor him; but he, smelling a rat, nimbly leaps over the table and glides away from my grasp like an eel.

It might be a week after this, before we were friends again. He put on a demure face, looked contrite, and I once more graciously received him into my friendship. I was speaking of Master Burke:—saith Billy, "why is an immense cabbage like Master Burke? D'ye give it up? Because it is a wonderful production." Says I to him, "why is your wit like my wine-bottle?" He answered in his very *driest* manner, "because it is dry!" The rascal had guessed with praiseworthy precision. The young scamp one day asked me in a tone of impudence why *you*, yes, *you*, my dear Mr. Editor, was like a goose!—I gave him a look of indignation that would have annihilated a common devil, but he went on with great *sang froid*, D'ye give it up? Because he depends upon his quill for a living." This was rather "a lame conclusion," but it served as an excuse for deferring the meditated flagellation. Says he, a day or two since, "why is the Bank Robber like M. M. Noah? D'ye give it up? Because he has got a snug birth." A drunken fellow came up into your office one day while I was there.—Bills whispered over my shoulder, "why, are you, to yonder jolly fellow, like the Siamese Boys? D'ye give it up? Because he sees double." I recollected the scene at the dinner table that day, and replied with a conundrum of my own:"—why is the Brandy Bottle passing round the table, like one of Cooper's novels?" He gave it up" "Because," said I, "because it's a Red Rover." I looked round triumphantly, for I had answered him in his own language. Says Billy to me, "why is a Steam Boat, wat's busted, like the sky? D'ye give it up? Because it's blue up!" This was the most execrable pun that he ever perpetrated, and I extorted from him a solemn promise that he would never make such terrible havoc with language again. The "next worst" thing I have caught him uttering, was, "why is Davy Jones like a Jail? Because he has a locker." For this I mildly rebuked him. Now Mr. Editor, I want to know why *this conundrum*, is like an article used by bootmakers? "D'ye give it up!" Because it's my last! and I moreover want to know why the whole of the above written stuff is like a pair of unfinished shoes? "D'ye give it up?" Because it is supported by a *pair of lasts*." Judge ye whether Billy himself could better those.

I may catch something more from the young saucy's lips worth repeating, if so, I will send it you. Bear with my infirmities, excuse defects, and believe me to be, yours ever,

from sole to poll,

LUNAR CAUSTIC.

The following allegorical lines, on the late Eclipse, are from the Raleigh Register:

MARRIAGE OF THE SUN AND MOON.

Did you know that a Wedding has happened on high,
And who were the parties united?
'Twas the *Sun* and the *Moon!* in the halls of the sky
They were joined; and our continent witnessed the tie:
No continent else was invited.

Their courtship was tedious, for seldom they met,
Tete-a-tete, whilst long centuries glided;
But the warmth of his love she could hardly forget,
For, though distant afar, he would smile on her yet,
Save when *Earth* the fond couple divided.

But why so prolix was the courtship; and why
So long was postponed their connexion?
That the bridegroom was anxious 'twere vain to deny,
Since the heat of his passion pervaded the sky;
But the bride was renowned for—reflection.

Besides, 'tis reported their friends were all vexed;
The match was deemed 'somehow' unequal;
And, when bid to the wedding, each made some pretext
To decline, till the lovers, worn out and perplexed,
Were compelled to elope, in the sequel.

Mars and *Jupiter* never such business could bear,
So they haughtily kept themselves from it;
Herschell dwelt at such distance he could not be there;
Saturn sent with reluctance, his Ring to the fair,
By the hands of a trust-worthy comet.

Only one dim, pale planets, of planets the least,
Condescended these nuptials to honor;
And that seemed like skulking away to the east;
Some assert it was *Mercury*, acting as priest;

Some *Venus* a peeping;—shame on her!
Earth in silence rejoiced, as the bridegroom and bride
In their mutual embraces would linger;
Whilst careering through regions of light at his side,
She displayed the bright Ring, *not* "a world too wide"
For a conjugal pledge, on her finger,
Henceforth shall these Orbs to all husbands and wives
Shine as patterns of duty respected;
All her splendor and glory from him she derives.
And *she* shows to the world that the kindness *he* gives
Is faithfully prized and reflected.

Nourishment for Horses. The practice is becoming general in Silesia, of feeding horses with *bread*. After an experience of four years, an intelligent husbandman is convinced of its utility in the double relation of economy and health. The bread is made by taking equal quantities of oat-meal and rye-meal, mixing it with leaven or yeast, and adding one third of the quantity of boiled potatoes. To each horse is given 12 lbs. per day, in three rations of 4 lbs. each. The bread is cut into small pieces, and mixed with a little moistened cut straw. By this means, he saves, in feeding 7 horses, 49 bushels of oats in 24 days; while the horses perform their, common labor, and are much better in looks, health and disposition.--*Sill. Jour.*

The man who is in pain to know what alterarion time and age have made in him, needs only to consult the eyes of the fair one he addresses, and by the tone of her voice as she talks with him, he will learn what he fears to know. But, O! how hard a lesson!

GRAND CABINET AND SQUARE
PIANO FORTE WARE ROOM.
414 *Broadway, opposite Lispenard street.*

M. V. CREGIER begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, and hopes, from his experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to obtain a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve. Having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of five since, making twelve, he is confident that he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed.

Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice.

N. B. Dealers are invited to call, and will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms.

April 2

HDKFS. CRAVATS AND STOCKS.

D. O. CAULKINS, 56 Maiden-lane, has received and offers for sale, an extensive assortment of German, English and Pongee Hdkfs.; also, black Italian Cravats, and a variety of Stocks made of good materials and the most approved shapes. April 2

RELIEF FOR SUCKLING MOTHERS.

THERE are two remedial articles or inventions promising to mothers and infants, that deserve to be more generally known.

The one, a Breast Pump, is intended to draw milk from a distended or obstructed breast, is a beautiful substitute for the human mouth, and is well calculated to give immediate relief to the sufferer. The other convenience is intended for mothers, who, though able and willing to suckle their infants, are often times distressed and even prevented from the performance of their natural office by sore nipples, to the inconvenience of both parties. It is so skillfully prepared that the utmost neatness and purity is preserved, while the infant is nourished without distressing its parent. For sale by

PATRICK DICKIE, 413 Broadway,
April 2 near Canal street.

A CARD.

MR. BARNES informs the inhabitants of New-York, that he has opened a SCHOOL in the Academy situated in New Durham, Bergen county, three miles from Hoboken, for the instruction of children of both sexes, in all the useful branches of English education. People residing in New-York, who wish to find a good situation in the country for their children for the purpose of learning the above branches, will apply to

CHARLES N. BARNES.
or,
MICHAEL FISHER, } Trustees.
JOSEPH DANILSON, }

Terms of tuition, $2 per quarter.

N. B. Board can be obtained at $1 50 cts. per week.

Bergen county, New Durham, March 27th.
April 2

NEW YORK LOTTERY, Extra class No. 7, Draws on Thursday next, April 7.
30,0000 dollars, 10,000 dollars, 4,000 dollars.
2628 dollars, 2500 dollars, 2500 dollars.
2000 dollars, 2000 dollars, 2 of 1500 dollars, &c. &c.
Tickets 10 dollars, Half 5, Quarter 2 50. For sale at WAITE'S, corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway.—For five weeks in succession, were all the Capital Prizes sold in this city, obtained at WAITES, viz: No. 3 33 56 the Capital Prize of 30,000 dollars, was sold to Mr. Van Pelt and Mr. Barbarean, of Brooklyn. No. 17 36 56 the Capital Prize of 20,000 dollars, sold to Messrs. Scott and Barber, of Brooklyn. No. 5 10 61 the Capital Prize of 15,000 dollars, sold to Mrs. Coffin, of Brooklyn. No. 25 14 62 the capital of 10,000 dollars sold to Mr. Allston, a Hatter in Bloomfield, New Jersey. No. 16 23 38 the capital of 5000 dollars sold to a person yet unknown, last week.

BOARDING.

NOTICE.--That pleasantly situated house No. 10 Courtlandt-street, (within a short distance from the Steam Boats,) has been taken for a respectable private Boarding House. Gentlemen wishing to make permanent arrangements from the first of May, will please to call at No. 65 Murray-street. April 2

WHOLESALE and retail ready made Linen, Hosiery and Glove Store, No. 14 Maiden-lane, nearly opposite the Arcade; where may be had in every variety, ready made Linen of every description, including gentlemen's dress bosoms; Collars, Stocks, Cravats, and Hdkfs. Also, just received by the late arrivals from England, a large and elegant assortment of of Hosiery, selected expressly for the retail trade, which will be worthy the attention of citizens and strangers.
April 2

NINTH WARD.

☞ MECHANICS AND WORKING MEN, and those friendly to their interest, and who are opposed to dictation, and having Charles Oakley gagged down their throats as their candidate for Alderman, are requested to meet at Cold Spring Tavern, corner of Greenwich and Leroy streets, at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, the 5th instant, to nominate persons for candidates for Charter Officers of the ward. By order of a number of the Vigilance Committee. April 2

GLOVES.

D. O. CAULKINS, 56, Maiden Lane, has just received an extensive assortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's Gloves, among which are Bondard of the best quality, for sale cheap, at wholesale and retail.

UMBRELLAS,

A fresh assortment just received of the following kinds:

Brown Taffeta finished in the best style
Do do French manufacture
Sinchew, green, blue and brown, various sizes
Florence and Sarsnet do
Scotch and English gingham do, metal tubes
Common cotton do, whalebone frames.

The above are just manufactured and are offered at the lowest market prices at wholesale and retail,
March 26. tf.19

LIVERY STABLE,
661 BROADWAY.

A. BROWER informs his friends and the public, that he can supply them with Horses and Carriages of any description at short notice, and on very reasonable terms. m.6 6m

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WONDERFUL!

SYLVESTER, 130 BROADWAY, New-York, official drawing of the New York Consolidated Lottery, regular Class, No. 3, for 1831, March 10.

MORE SUCCESS. Ever and all lucky Sylvester has done wonders.

20 45 56 51 13 32 16 23 28 60

Three Capitals sold at Sylvesters.

It should be remembered I have no connexion with any other person in New-York. Orders (which meet the same attention as on personal application) must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York. This is requisite to prevent imposition.

The following splendid Lotteries will next be drawn:
Every ticket a Prize—one number will receive $10

March 17, Extra No. 5.	30,000, 15,000, 10,000,	$10
" 24, " "	6, 25,000, 10,000, 5,000,	5
" 31, Regular, 4,	three prizes of $10,000,	10
April 7, Extra Class 7,	(a rare and superior Lottery,) only 17,000 Tickets capital 30,000,	10
" 14,	15,000,	5
" 21,	30,000,	10

THE Reporter and Counterfeit Detector is published by Sylvester, every Thursday evening. It contains Price Current; news of the week; Bank Note Table; Counterfeit Detector; List of broken Banks, and much useful information to the merchant, traders, &c. 1,50 per annum. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

N. B. Those who deal with Sylvester are entitled to the Reporter, gratis. March 12.

SWAIMS PANACEA for sale by PATRICK DICKIE, 413 Broadway. April 2

MUSIC FROM CINDERELLA.

JUST published the following Select Songs, &c. from this charming Opera, viz:—"When morning its sweets is flinging," sung by Mr. Jones; "Once a King there chanced to be," sung by Mrs. Austin; in the chimney corner scene; "Let thine eyes on mine mildly beaming," the exquisite duet sung by Mrs. Austin and Mr. Jones; "Grand March from Cinderella," by Pons. The above choice pieces are published and sold by BOURNE, at his very cheap and fashionable music, stationary and fancy goods store, 359 Broadway.

☞ Will be published in a few days the celebrated Tyrolienne, sung by Mrs. Austin and chorus, with the variations for the voice, the arrangement, and the variations composed by Signor G. Pons; also, a set of cotillions, embracing the favorite airs in Cinderella, the music arranged by Mr. Pons, and new figures by Mr. Parker, as danced at his Academy with the greatest success. The overture to Cinderella will also be published by Bourne in a few days.

Music of Rokeby—'Oh cease busy fancy,' 'Sicilian Knight,' with a vignette. This is one of the most admirable songs recently published. The subject is from Von Webber's Opera of Preciosa.

BOURNE, 359 Broadway.

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recomended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st.
T. KENSETT.

ROBERT LOVETT,
Seal engraver on Stone or Metals, 67 Maiden Lane.

COATS of arms Initials, emblematic subjects engraved on Stone.

Notarial, Consular, and all office seals engraved on Stone, Brass or Silver.

Visiting Cards engraved and printed. Books of Heraldry for the inspectson of customers, the armorial bearings of over 100,000 names.
March 26. 1y19

JOHN HUTCHINSON having returned to the Eagle Tavern, corner of Washington and Robinson streets, begs to inform his friends and the public in general, he intends conducting the same on those original principles which have heretofore gained him their liberal support.

The Eagle Tavern is situated in one of the most decidedly healthy parts of the city, commanding a beautiful view of the Jersey shore; and, being on the North River side, while it benefits from the open air offers immense convenience to travellers, being close to the steam navigation. Boats arriving at and departing daily from its immediate vicinity.

J. H. further begs to observe, that every attention is paid to the cleanliness of his sleeping rooms which for comfort and healthiness cannot be surpassed by any similar establishment in New York.

His table is liberally supplied with every thing in season, and no expense has been spared to afford Wines and spirits of the first quality, at the most resonable charge.

Gentlemen store keepers and others, as permanent boarders, will beaccomodated for a very moderate expense.

N. B, Pale Ale and Brown Stout by the barrel.

CONE'S ANTIDOTE,
FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.

THIS Medicine, once so highly celebrated for the cure of that distressing disorder, the whooping cough, has long lain in obscurity, as it was supposed that the secret of its compound had expired with its inventor, Dr. Cone. But a receipt has lately been discovered by one of his descendants, who, profiting by the circumstance, has prepared and, after numerous trials of its efficacy, now offers it to the public. It may be taken with the most perfect safety by children under any circumstances, no mercury being employed in its composition. The proprietor, however, deems it useless to comment upon its virtues, and desires those who are afflicted with the disorder to make trial and judge for themselves. Price 50 cents. Sold only at the following place—

DR. H. CUTTER THORPE,
399 Broadway.

W. & L. COLLINS,
67 MAIDEN-LANE,

MANUFACTURERS of Gold and Silver Spectacles, Thimbles and Pens, and dealers in Fancy Goods and fine Cutlery.

Spectacles repaired, and Glasses fitted to old frames.

BROADWAY COFFEE HOUSE, 646 Broadway, two doors from Bleecker-street,
RANDOLL'S HARMONIC PARTY
will take place on Monday evening next,
April 4, 1831
Admittance 12 1-2 cents, with a
Refreshment Ticket.
To commence at half past 7 o'clock.

W. R. assures the residents of the upper part of the city, that a rational evening's entertainment will be afforded to such as patronise him. Songs and Glees will be introduced by several professors, and arrangements will be made, if encouraged in his exertion to combine musical talent of a superior order for that evening during the season.

1stf

DENTAL SURGERY.

IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.—A. C. CASTLE, Dental Surgeon, solicits the attention of the public to his celebrated cement for filling decayed teeth, the quality of which is—while it effects a permanent cure to the toothach, arrests the progress of decay by forming a hard and durable enamel with the tooth.

Mr. A. C. C. manufacturer of *imitation human incorruptible Teeth*, recommends the attention of his friends and the public to those beautiful imitation Teeth, being made of the best materials. He will guarantee them to be of the first quality. They possess decided advantages over other artificial substances. They do not decay, change colour, or cause diseased gums, and may be had in every variety of shade or colour to correspond with the other teeth, which, with natural, human, and all kinds of teeth, from a single tooth through all the gradations of numbers to an entire set, inserted on a *new and improved plan*. His method accomplishes all the important objects of the art, in mastication, articulation, appearance, and preserving the natural form of the mouth; and when fixed in the mouth, is warranted to set on the most unerring principles of adhesion. It is equally applicable in cases now deemed difficult, and requires no painful operations. Every operation concerning the mouth and teeth performed according to the most modern and improved method of dental surgery.

Mr. A. C. C. fastens loose teeth, whether arising from age, neglect, mercury, or diseases of the gums; to the latter he will give a tone of elasticity and firmness as in the most healthy persons.

*** Artificial Roofs or Palates made or replaced with the greatest nicety, and deficiency in speech rectified where arising from physical derangement, or organic affection.

N. B. Will be shortly published a Treatise on the Physiology, Anatomy, and Diseases of the Teeth.
280 Broadway,
m26 Next dooor to the Washington Hotel.

GERMAN DRUG & CHEMICAL STORE,
377 *Broadway one door below White-street.*

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has opened his Store for the sale of Drugs and Chemicals. He has received from Europe the choicest assortment of medicines, and other articles in his line, which he can confidently recommend as pure and genuine; such as musk in comp'ete pods Labrum Castor, all Narcotic Extracts, Fat and Essential Oils, as Cod Oil, oil of Fern, Camomile and Valerian, &c. &c. Prussic and Succinic acid, Turky Rhubarb, German Camomile Flowers, &c. &c Family medicines, Physicians prescriptions, and medicine chests for Seamen can be furnished at the shortest notice, and the fullest reliance can be placed on the superior quality of all articles of this kind which may be ordered. He has also a complete collection of all the materials used by Chemists and Professors, for Experiments in Natural Philosophy, including many of the rarest and most difficult preparations, such as Sodium Bromine, Cadmium, Selenium, Carburet of Sulphur, Potassium, &c. &c. he also keeps on hand an extensive assortment of mineral, and Instruments and apparatuses necessary for mineralogists and Naturalists, and he can supply them in sets or single specimens of rare kinds as may be required, from the superior quality of his Drugs and the reasonable rates at which he offers them, Physicians and Dealers generally will find it to their advantage to examine his assortment and favor him with their orders.

LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER.
march 26, 1y

FANCY ARTICLES, &c.—At BOURNE'S Establishment, 359 Broadway, a great variety of fine Fancy Articles, of superior quality, can at all times be found, at very reasonable prices. Amongst the articles suited to the present season, is almost every variety of Fire Screens of admired patterns, beautifully embellished with fruits, flowers, figures, birds, game, &c. which are well worthy the attention of the Ladies. The usual variety of fine Engravings, fashionable Music, fine Note and Letter Paper, &c Feb. 12

THE subscriber would inform the public, that he continues to manufacture BOSTON CRACKERS, at his old stand, No 231 DELANCEY, *corner of Willet street*, in a superior manner, and the only establishment where they are made, as they should be, in this city. He has got up this business at a great expense and labor, and hopes, together with his former exertions, and his future attention to the business, he shall merit the patronage of a generous public. WILLIAM BOND, Agent.
Feb. 12 6m

AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Batson, Assistant P.M.
Ballston, New-York, Joel Lee, P. M.
Flemingsburg, Ky., John C. Mullay.
Ithica, New-York, A. B. Clark
Mobile, Alabama, Charles Thomes
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, Abraham Rex, P. M.
Lexington, North Carolina, D. B. Rounsaville
New Brunswick, New Jersey, Reuben Ayres
Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, bookseller
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, N. March, bookseller
Saugerties, New-York, J. Russell, P.M.
Troy, New-York, Clark & Hosford, bookseller
Taunton, Mass. Joseph L. Lord, P.M.
Albany, N. Y. Little & Cummings, Booksellers.
Lancaster, Pa. Thomas Feran.
Hebron, Ct. J. B. & D. Lord.

☞ Post Masters and others, procuring Subscribers, and transmitting the money agreeably to the terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a comm on of *ten per cent.*